

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Women and children of a village in the Vale of Kashmir: see Kingsley Martin on 'The Problem of Kashmir' (page 287)

In this number:

Anthony Blunt, Edmund Rubbra, Sir James Scott Watson



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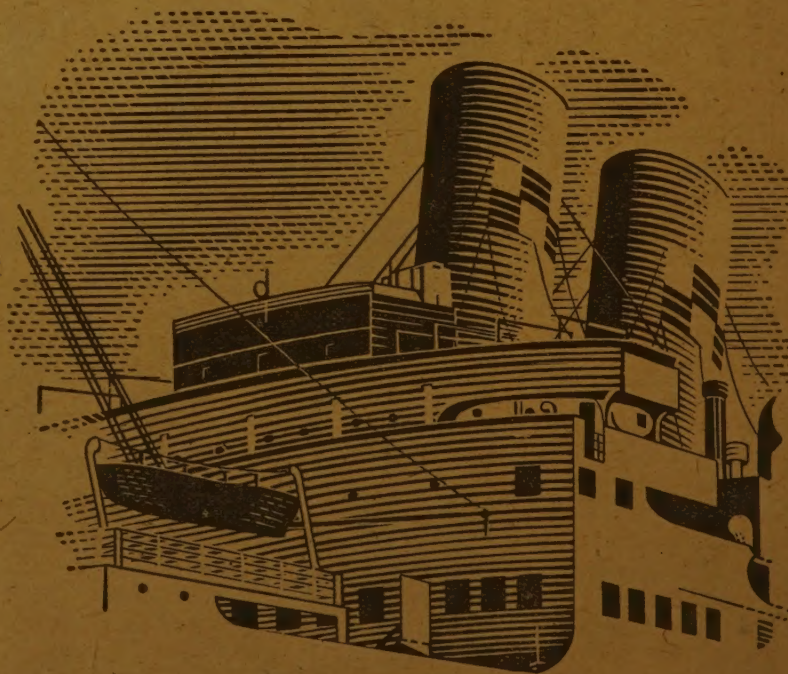
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Canada Faces the Danger of War

By BLAIR FRASER

CANADA has been awakened to danger in the past few weeks as she had not been since the cold war began. You may think we were a bit slow in waking up, and maybe we were. Since fighting began in Korea there has been no lack of storm warnings. But Canadians have not been as highly excited about the Korean war as our American neighbours: not that there was not concern; not that there was not public support for Canada's contribution to the United Nations force—after all, Canada did raise 10,000 volunteers in less than a month—but there was not any great public pressure for a larger or a faster contribution.

Moreover, the concern about Korea was not in Canada an expression of general alarm; Canadians wanted to do their part in a nasty job of which they heartily approved; Canadians wanted to be able to hold up their heads in the presence of Americans, but I do not think many Canadians felt keenly and personally that they or their own country had come into any great peril. Of course, we were not alone in that. You may recall that only last October General MacArthur was promising his boys a Christmas dinner at home in the States; the Korean war was to be over in a matter of weeks, or even days. Canada had a whole brigade group ready to go over to complete its training in or near the theatre of war; Canada was told to keep all but one battalion home; the troops would not be needed; the one battalion was requested for occupation duty. So it is no wonder that the mood in Canada, even within the Government, appeared to be optimistic to the point of apathy.

Before Prime Minister St. Laurent went off to the London Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in January, he told reporters that he did not expect to live long enough to see another war, and he added, 'I'm in pretty good health'. Maybe I am overstating the optimism of the Canadian Government before Christmas, but, if so, it is because they over-stated it themselves. So far as the Canadian public was aware, it looked then as if 1951 was going to be a fairly quiet year. In spite of wars and rumours of wars, we should go on for a while longer in cheerful prosperity. That mood has changed now. The Government, certainly, and the people, I think, increasingly now look upon 1951 as a year of peril—a year of effort, quite possibly a year of war.

What caused that change in thinking? A lot of things—no one major development, but a great many related minor ones. The Chinese aggression in Korea; the pugnacious and uncompromising replies of the Red Chinese to the United Nations' cease fire proposals; the news of Russian activity in Yugoslavia and Iran and eastern Germany, all contributed. Another thing that contributed was the growing assertiveness of the American mood; the growing possibility, as it seemed to us, that one side or the other might provoke drastic action; that one side or the other might inadvertently set forces in motion that could not be controlled. For all these reasons, and no doubt for many more, Canadian authorities began to feel that the Kremlin might indeed have decided that war is inevitable, that its coming cannot be avoided, and if the Kremlin had come to that decision, it might have come to

another; it might feel that 1951 would be the best time for a war from the Soviet point of view. After all, it is hardly likely that they will ever find us weaker in relation to Russian strength. Within eighteen months, if General Eisenhower's plans mature, western Europe will again be powerful and armed and ready, but for eighteen months, more or less, western Europe will be weak; outnumbered on the ground; outnumbered in the air; not fully organised for battle.

I think the full appreciation of these elements of danger is perhaps still confined to the government service, and to people in Ottawa who are fairly close observers—among them the change of mood could be noted early in January. Canadians in general did not perhaps realise it until Parliament opened a fortnight or so ago, and the new defence programme came down. Of course, we expected a bigger programme than last year. I do not think many of us expected the programme we got—5,000,000,000 dollars to be spent over the next three years; 1,600,000,000 dollars (more than £500,000,000) to be spent this year, on Canadian forces alone—more than that, of course, if you count Canadian aid to allied countries; tremendous expansion of the Air Force; rapid and substantial expansion of the Army and Navy. It looks now as if we shall have a third brigade group or the equivalent of a division in being by the end of this year, even without any war. If war should come the man-power expansion would be much faster and much greater.

Arguments about Conscription

But figures alone do not mean much to the average newspaper reader any more, whether you are talking about thousands of men or about billions of dollars. What really woke us up, or one of the things, is the revival of argument about conscription. We were confronted with the astonishing news that the Government would give no assurances at all against conscription; indeed, it came very near to an open promise that if or when war does come, we shall have conscription immediately. Outside Canada that may not sound very remarkable. Barring Iceland, I think Canada is the only member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, that has not got conscription now in vigorous effect. You may well think, 'Why should Canadians be different, what gives Canadians the unique right to relax in time of danger, and depend on the uncertain flow of volunteers?'

It is a long story, but briefly it is this. One-third of all Canadians, the one-third to whom French is mother-tongue, have been born in the tradition of deep and violent hostility to compulsory military service. The French Canadian has always felt that in this matter he is at the mercy of an alien majority; he has always felt, and he has had some reason to feel, that the English Canadian is willing and eager to go to war in the interests, not of Canada, but of England, and to the French Canadian that is not good enough. He may not be actively anti-British—though a good many French Canadians are anti-British—but even if he is not anti-British, he is very definitely not British. He feels no loyalty to any country other than Canada, certainly not to France, which abandoned French Canada—left her to her fate in 1763—certainly not to England, the conqueror who took French Canada captive. And as if that far historic background were not enough, there is a great deal of more recent history to build up French-Canadian prejudice. It is a fact that in two wars, the campaigns for conscription here in Canada have been anti-French campaigns. The issue on both sides has been poisoned with the deep animosities of race and of religion; that is what we mean when we use the words 'national unity' in connection with military service. We could not have conscription in two world wars without splitting the country wide open on racial lines. That is in the background; that is what made conscription such an explosive controversy that in the first war when we did have it, after 1917, it did split the country into violent factions. In the second war we went right through to the end of 1944 before a single conscript went overseas, and that, too, in spite of the palpable emergency. That, too, was an act of political audacity undertaken with the greatest reluctance.

So you can imagine the astonishment of Canadians when Prime Minister St. Laurent got up in the debate on the Address and Reply, and quite voluntarily introduced this dangerous topic. The Leader of the Opposition had not even mentioned it: we had noted that with some amusement. Colonel George Drew, the Leader of the Progressive Conservative Party, campaigned very vigorously, even violently, for a conscription in the second world war, but at this point he preferred to remain rather conspicuously silent on the matter. Mr. St. Laurent broke the silence. He did say that Canada would not have conscription yet; he said the Government's information was that conscription

now, for purposes of training only, would actually be an impediment to the defence programme we had in hand. But, said the Prime Minister, that does not mean the situation cannot change, and he implied quite clearly that when the situation does change, when conscription is required to keep the defence programme going, we shall have it. Privately, Ministers will tell you without qualification that when or if war comes again, we shall have conscription and we shall have it right away.

When the Prime Minister finished speaking in the House of Commons, a western M.P. friend of mine turned to a couple of his friends near him, French-speaking members from Quebec, and said: 'That's pretty strong stuff, isn't it?' And the Quebecers said, 'It's strong, but it's all right. We can take it. We'll back him up'. And that is a tremendous advance over any period of either great war; it is a new thing in Canada, and it is a great thing. It means good hope that for the first time in three generations we can talk about compulsory service, and perhaps have compulsory service, without the kind of political rancour and racial hatred that has tormented us in the past. It means a degree of Canadian unity we have never had before. That is one measure, and perhaps it is the greatest single measure, of the new gravity of Canada in this time of peril. Another measure is the change in tempo of industry. Canada is again gearing her plant to war production, cutting back civilian supply. So far that process has not gone very far—perhaps not far enough—but the reason is no longer apathy and neglect; it is merely the delay attendant on organisation.

For example, we have had steel control in Canada nominally since November 1, but the steel controller, Kenneth Harris, was not appointed until just before Christmas. When he came to Ottawa he found he had a total staff of four people; imagine trying to regulate the steel supply of a highly industrialised country in the middle of the biggest investment boom in history with a staff of four people. By now he has recruited a group of about twenty good men, but so far that is about all he has had time to do. However, this state of affairs will not last long. As soon as organisation can be got together, we shall have priorities, and we shall have controls; we shall have restrictions—the defence programme of this year is not going to leave very much over for the ordinary Canadian civilian.

'Uncle Sam' not 'Double-Crossed'

The third measure of Canadian awareness is the flow of volunteers for the armed services. I have been talking about conscription; one of the reasons why they do not need conscription now is that the rate of recruiting has been so remarkably high. In the month of January, for example, they had just twice as many volunteers as the monthly average that is needed for present requirements, and so it goes right across the board. Day by day, in every way, Canada is becoming more and more aware of danger; more and more determined to meet it; more and more prepared for the grim task of doing so. None of that means that the Canadian Government or the Canadian people regard war as inevitable; on the contrary, Canadian delegates at Lake Success have strongly and actively supported the efforts of Britain and India and other countries to keep on trying for a peaceful settlement in the Far East. As a matter of fact, Canada roused a good deal of indignation in the United States when Prime Minister St. Laurent tried, through Prime Minister Nehru of India, to ask the Red Chinese for clarification of their reply to the United Nations' cease fire proposal. In Washington this was regarded as a kind of betrayal—a double cross. It took a good deal of explaining on Canada's part to convince everybody down there, if they are convinced, that Canada was not trying to stab Uncle Sam in the back.

L. B. Pearson, the Canadian Minister of External Affairs, has been active and unremitting, and undiscourageable in his efforts to keep negotiations going. Since those efforts began he has had a greatly increased flow of mail from ordinary Canadians, and almost all the mail has been favourable; they are telling him 'Go to it, boy; keep it up; keep on negotiating'. Nobody in this country wants war, but it seems to be equally true and perhaps even more important that nobody in this country wants peace at any price either. Canada's membership in the North Atlantic Treaty organisation has the support of a vast and overwhelming majority of Canadians of all regions and all tongues and all creeds. Canadians are worried, but they are not afraid; they are still hopeful, but they are no longer inert, and they are no longer apathetic. The whole country seems at last to have come to the firm conclusion that the only course we can take is to build up our strength, to accept any incidental and temporary risk that that may involve, and then, face the future—not without hope, but without fear.—*Home Service*

China's Aim: Expansion or Security?

By C. P. FITZGERALD

UNDERLYING the shifting daily reports of military events and peace proposals in the Korean war there remains unanswered a great and vital question: is China acting as a Russian agent in a concerted scheme of world conquest and communist aggression, or is Peking acting primarily in its own interests to assert Chinese authority and influence in regions which are of vital strategic importance to the Chinese state? Is China's aim expansion or security?

It can no longer be concealed that the democratic nations are sharply divided in their interpretation of the problem; the policy of the United States is founded on the conviction that the actions of China are Russian-inspired and form an integral part of a world-wide Russian plan. The policy lately put forward by the British Commonwealth is equally clearly inspired by the belief, or hope, that China is acting in her own interests, and that if these interests can be realised, peace can still be preserved. Public support both in America and in the British Commonwealth is given to the alternative policies more on emotional than rational grounds. In America impatience and frustration have goaded the public to demand drastic solutions. In Europe, Asia and the British Dominions, fear of the horrors of a third world war outweighs disappointment at the turn of events in Korea. Any endeavour to assess the validity of these rival policies must be founded on an examination of facts and evidence, not on hopes and fears.

Since the real intentions of the Peking Government can only be deduced from the acts considered in the framework of their power, it is worth while examining the limits of China's power of aggression and the evidence that the Peking Government is planning to use that power. China has become a relatively strong state in consequence of the communist revolution and the great rally of national support which the new regime has evoked. The discipline and fighting efficiency of the People's Liberation Army is far in advance of anything seen in China for hundreds of years, and renders China formidable in defence and dangerous in those areas, such as Korea, where the power of this army can be easily exercised. But these areas are few. Korea adjoins China and the terrain and climate are very similar to the neighbouring parts of the homeland. Here the Chinese armies fight in familiar surroundings. Hong Kong, the next frontier going southward, is geographically merely a part of the Chinese province of Kuantung and could not be held against strong attack. In Indo-China, too, a region similar in most ways to the south China provinces it adjoins, the Chinese could easily bring their land power to bear. Beyond Indo-China lie Siam and then

Malaya, lands which the Chinese could threaten and perhaps invade if they had mastered Indo-China first. In all these countries there are large Chinese minorities all more or less infiltrated by communist movements, and none likely to resist the expansion of the motherland.

The western land frontiers of China touch Burma and then, through Tibet, India. These regions are extremely wild, mountainous and impassable. It would no doubt be possible for Chinese armies to penetrate into Burma by the line of the Burma Road and other routes, but such an expedition would require considerable preparation. An invasion of India via Tibet would be still more difficult, and since no record of such an invasion exists, it is not even certain that such a movement would be possible. China at present possesses no naval forces, and as far as is known no air force other than machines (and possibly pilots) lent by Russia. It is therefore not possible for China to carry out any military movement which involves crossing the sea, if she is opposed by nations commanding sea and airpower. This fact effectively limits the scope of any Chinese expansion to the mainland of Asia.

If we next examine the evidence for Chinese intentions to expand where land frontiers make such a policy feasible, we are at once faced with significant contradictions. In Korea, Chinese intervention is a fact, and so far an accomplished fact. Two-thirds of that country is now under Chinese occupation. On the Hong Kong frontier, however, there is not only no sign of hostile intent, but the Chinese forces in the region have actually been substantially reduced during the past few months, the very period in which British forces from Hong Kong have been fighting Chinese forces in Korea. The Chinese propaganda machine has also refrained from directing its blasts against Hong Kong, which is usually studiously ignored. It is very clear that Chinese policy has been anxious to separate Hong Kong from the Korean question and to ignore, as far as possible, British participation in the United Nations army in Korea.

Indo-China falls into a more intermediate category. There has been no overt Chinese intervention in the war in that country. No formidable concentration of Chinese troops is poised upon the frontier, but China has given full diplomatic recognition to the insurgent government of Ho Chi-minh, and has almost certainly helped his movement by training his forces in China and by arming them with American weapons captured from the defeated Chinese Nationalist armies. It is thus certainly true that China actively encourages the anti-French movement, and it is at least probable that China will be no more willing to allow



the French to crush Viet-Minh than she was willing to allow North Korea to be conquered by the United Nations forces.

On the frontier of Burma China has made no move, military or political, which holds the shadow of a threat to Burma. Relations between China and that country are normal and even friendly. Tibet, which China claims to be a Chinese protected territory, forms the only border between China and India. Chinese action in reasserting her long dormant suzerainty over Tibet has alarmed and disconcerted India, but the Chinese can not only claim a watertight legal justification for their action, but can also point to the well-known fact that the same claims were always upheld by previous non-communist governments of China, who, however, lacked the power, though not the wish, to implement them.

The pattern of Chinese action on the frontiers where her power could be employed is thus conflicting; in Korea China engages in full-scale military intervention running the risk of provoking open war. On the borders of Hong Kong all is peaceful; the rebels of Indo-China are encouraged with 'all aid short of war'. Burma and India, in normal diplomatic relations with China, are under no threat. It would be possible to interpret these varying situations in terms of either ideological policy or strategic considerations. Communist Korea and communist Viet-Minh receive Chinese aid; independent Asiatic countries, such as Burma and India, are not menaced. Hong Kong, a British colony, is perhaps left alone because it is more useful to China as it is, and because Britain has come out as, with India, the advocate of Chinese claims in United Nations.

Why Hong Kong is Left Alone

On the other hand the strategic considerations fit the same pattern, and more perfectly. Korea, close to the most important industrial region in China, and intimately linked with it economically, is an area of vital importance to China. The loss of Korea to hostile powers has always in the past meant that Manchuria was endangered and subsequently lost. No Chinese government strong enough to make its interest in Korea effective would tolerate the hostile occupation of North Korea. And it must be recognised that the Chinese, not only the communist Chinese, now regard the United States as a hostile power. This attitude, deplorable and mistaken though it may be, has been reinforced by American action in Formosa and by certain public statements issued by General MacArthur.

Hong Kong, a small territory, overcrowded and dependent on other regions for food, could hardly be defended in a future war any longer than it was in the last one. The Chinese therefore, do not regard Hong Kong as a strategic menace under modern conditions. Meanwhile, it is valuable as an economic outlet and transshipment port and consequently can be ignored until some later and more convenient date. The leased territories without which the Colony could not continue as a separate regime, fall back to China in any case at the close of the century. Long before that date some new arrangement would have to be negotiated.

Indo-China, although not a region so vital strategically as Korea, is yet a danger in the hands of an enemy. Airfields established there could serve as bases for continual attacks upon all the major cities of south China. The Tonkin plain could be the base for an invading army directed at the West River valley and Canton. So long as the French regime is openly backed by the United States, and armed with American supplies and weapons, the Chinese will continue to render such assistance as may be necessary to keep Ho Chi-minh in the field, and if possible to enable him to achieve total victory.

The frontiers of Burma and of Tibet, being among the most inaccessible regions of the whole world, do not constitute any strategic threat to China; moreover, the regimes in Burma and India have shown marked friendship for the new China and refuse to participate in potential anti-communist coalitions. Here, accordingly, no Chinese military concentration or political offensive disturbs the scene.

On this evidence it could be argued that the Chinese aim was strategic security, not imperialist expansion. The Chinese certainly do make this claim, and buttress it with telling arguments. If, they ask, China's interest in Korea is denied, by what right can America claim an interest in Formosa—a country so far removed from the American continent. Not much is to be gained by pursuing such political *tu quoque* arguments. It is necessary to examine also the evidence on which American policy has been built.

Malaya is far removed from China's frontier, but in that country an active communist guerrilla movement, almost wholly recruited from the Chinese community, has for three years fought the British authority

with cunning and ruthless tactics. This movement is well known to be encouraged by advice and perhaps also by leaders sent from China. It is praised and extolled in the Chinese communist press, although not so loudly or so often as Ho Chi-minh's movement in Indo-China. If the British yielded to the communist rebels in Malaya that country would come under a government mainly composed of and wholly dominated by Chinese communists and this regime would in fact be under the guidance, control and protection of China. It is therefore argued that in Malaya the long-range aim of Chinese communist policy is to supplant the British and incorporate the country in a new Chinese communist empire. This allegation can be made with slightly less evidence against Chinese policy towards Siam and with some certainty in regard to Chinese policy in Indo-China. All these countries have large Chinese minorities, and such communities are very susceptible to pressure from the homeland. There is evidence, then, to support the contention that Chinese policy aims at the domination of south-east Asia through subservient local communist regimes.

American policy is also based on the fear that if Korea is left in Chinese hands, Japan will soon be under threat; if Formosa falls to China, the Philippines would be menaced. In all these countries there exist already either communist guerrilla movements waiting for Chinese support, or underground communist parties biding their time to rise. There is, however, a corollary to be drawn from the facts which America stresses, which is in fact usually ignored by Americans. If China is so much a menace, and has such far reaching designs, aimed at countries where Chinese influence is strong but Russian influence negligible, then with every advance China will become stronger still, and less amenable to Russian suggestions or guidance. It is, after all, China who will reap the spoils of aggression in the Far East; Russia, if world war then develops, would get the knocks. The attitude which denies to China the status of an independent, if prickly and suspicious power, runs into this contradiction. If China is the tool of Russia, then Russia is most generously helping China to acquire an empire which Russia herself cannot expect to control. If this were really what was happening, then China's friendship for Russia is most intelligible.

It is, after all, precisely in this light that Chinese communist propaganda seeks to present the Soviet Union. The Russians, say the Chinese papers, are the only true friends of the Chinese people; they alone are willing to see China regain her rightful place in the world. If American policy emphasises Chinese indebtedness to Russia, nothing could better suit the book of the Peking propaganda department, which has a hard task to make the Russians popular in China. This task is made much easier by a policy which denies to China rights and claims which any strong Chinese government would demand, and which Russia swiftly and willingly conceded.

Surge of National Pride

In addition to the handicap of a policy which the Chinese regard as hostile to their legitimate aspirations, America and the United Nations have now to contend with an immense surge of Chinese national pride and emotional reaction to the victories in Korea. To the Chinese of all classes these victories are Chinese—in no sense Russian or even communist—triumphs, and as they are the first victories won by Chinese troops over western armies for more than one hundred years they have had an effect on public opinion which is of overwhelming force. This in itself is a factor which we must recognise and allow for. In Asia generally the Chinese victories have also produced a profound impression, an impression which accounts for the anxiety of India and other Asiatic states for a peaceful settlement. To the mass of Asiatic opinion the issue of Democracy versus Communism is unreal, but the anti-colonial issue is very real. A Chinese victory over western forces is seen by communist and non-communist opinion alike as a 'liberation'. No Asiatic government dares to get involved in a war which would appear to its citizens as a betrayal of the general Asian cause.

It is, therefore, probable that the Chinese have two ends in mind in their present policy. First, at short range, to secure control of those areas, Korea and Indo-China, which were historically under Chinese suzerainty, and which are vital to the strategic defence of the country. Secondly, at long range, to become the heir of the colonial empires. They calculate that the force of Asiatic nationalism will sooner or later expel all western regimes from Asia; this force is being brought under communist direction, consequently the communists will be the ultimate benefactors, and the communists in question will be Chinese communists.—*Third Programme*

The Problem of Kashmir

By KINGSLEY MARTIN

JUST three years ago, Mahatma Gandhi was murdered by a fanatical Hindu as he left his daily prayer meeting. His offence was to work for peace between Muslims and Hindus in the difficult period that followed the British departure from India and the creation of India and Pakistan. Ten million Hindus and Moslems had migrated in the Punjab; about a million had been killed.

I happened to be in Delhi at the time and had a conversation with Gandhi a few days before his murder. It naturally turned on the Hindu-Muslim struggle and in particular on the war which had begun between India and Pakistan in Kashmir. Both Dominions claimed this predominantly Muslim state as part of their country and both had troops occupying parts of it. I asked the Mahatma whether, in the interests of peace, it would not be better to arrange for a partition of Kashmir on the general lines of the existing *status quo* rather than fight a war over its body. He was quite cross with me. He said I ought not to put forward such theories on the basis of so little knowledge, and then—for Gandhi was a very honest man—he said that unhappily some people in India, who had expert knowledge, shared my view. I decided that teacher did not like my answer, but I might be right all the same.

Then I had a look at parts of Kashmir for myself. I came to the conclusion that there was no reason why it should be treated as a single unit, except that it had been ruled—badly—by one ruling House. If I could show you a map you would see a vast, complicated and mountainous region. First, in the north, there are huge mountain ranges stretching up to the very roof of the world—to Gilgit, for instance, which touches China, Russia and Afghanistan as well as India and Pakistan. Through these mountains to the north-west there are a few passes by which tribesmen from over the Afghan frontier can enter Kashmir—but only, let it be noted, by going through the North-West Frontier State, which is part of Pakistan. A second mountain area in the west is called Poonch; I visited it by air during the fighting. It is almost wholly Muslim and had long been in revolt—I think very naturally—against the Maharajah. A third region in the south, called Jammu, stretches down to India.

Finally, in the centre of Kashmir is the lovely 'Vale', with its capital, Srinagar, lying in splendid country,

where every fruit and flowering tree grows to its greatest perfection. This is the most famous of all holiday resorts in India. The neighbouring countryside is populated with some of the poorest and most exploited people in the world. They are greatly skilled in handicrafts; they make Kashmir shawls, textiles, beautiful furniture and metal work.

When people talk of Kashmir they usually mean the Vale, which lies like the jewelled centre of a flower, the petals of which are the huge foothills of the Himalayas.

Let me tell you some other things I learnt in Kashmir. I went to Jammu—the southern part, you remember—and found that almost all the Muslims had taken refuge in Pakistan and that their place had been filled by Hindu refugees. I drove along the road that had been built from India into Jammu and saw the smoking ruins of villages where Muslim raiders had come over during the night and revenged themselves for similar acts of savagery carried out by the other side. I stayed with the Indian Army, and found that the officers deeply regretted that, in partitioning India, the army had been divided between Muslims and Hindus. They did not want to fight and were swift to arrange a cease-fire when the chance came. I saw the Maharajah, who had been slow to decide whether to adhere to Pakistan or India. It was only when Muslim tribesmen poured down through the valleys, sacking and burning and killing as they came, that he gave India the legal right to intervene. Delhi had acted promptly and called upon the civil air companies of India to transport soldiers into the valley. There they stopped the tribesmen and there some of them have remained ever since. When I reached Jammu the Maharajah had, in effect, gone into retirement, and Sheikh Abdullah, whom he had formerly imprisoned, had become Prime Minister. I met Abdullah several times. He is a powerful, dynamic person with reformist



Sheik Abdullah, Prime Minister of Kashmir, addressing a crowd from the balcony of the Hazrat Bal Mosque near Srinagar; right, the Vale of Kashmir



and even socialist ideas which he has begun to apply to the benefit of the hungry, landless subjects of the Maharajah. He is also an advocate of an independent Kashmir—a solution which might have been possible, or even the best solution, at an earlier stage, but which now seems ruled out by events.

Let me now summarise the Indian case for holding Kashmir. The Indians say that legally the whole state belongs to them because its sovereign voluntarily adhered to India. They add, as they have done from the first, that they are willing to confirm that the people really want to come to India by a plebiscite, but that the plebiscite must be carried out under Indian auspices with Sheik Abdullah continuing to be Prime Minister, because, they say, his is the only legal and properly constituted government. Pakistan is, therefore, in India's opinion, an aggressor in Kashmir. To this—in my view—too legalistic argument, I should add that India is proud of having saved the Vale of Kashmir from being sacked by the tribesmen and having set up a democratic government under a popular Muslim leader. Progressive Indians also welcome his promise of social reforms—above all the land reform which is the greatest of all India's necessities. Finally, Pandit Nehru, like Gandhi, is anxious never to agree that any part of the sub-continent must go to Pakistan just because it is Muslim. His essential doctrine is that India is not 'Hindustan', but a democracy in which minorities of all kinds may live at peace. Some 35,000,000 Muslims are in India anyway; if they once agree to the Pakistan theory that a state should be based on religion, then—say the Indians—what is to stop the outbreak of further ghastly communal riots and murders in many other parts of India?

Let us now see how differently the whole issue of Kashmir looks from the Pakistan side. People in Pakistan are not thinking about the sacking of the Kashmir valley by tribesmen. The fact that Kashmir is overwhelmingly Muslim in population and that a Hindu ruler had been driven out of some parts of the country by a Muslim revolt; the fact that the rivers and roads mainly flow into Pakistan and that from the point of view of strategy the mountain areas seem to Pakistanis to be more important to them than to Indians—all these build in their minds an overwhelming case, of which the centre, however, is the simple faith that Muslims belong to Pakistan. They are sure that if there is a plebiscite for the whole state the majority will vote for Pakistan; whatever people may say about Sheik Abdullah's social reforms, if Islam is allowed a free hand for propaganda and makes the religious issue the battle-cry of the campaign—then Pakistanis are quite sure that Kashmir will be theirs.

What is the solution? If we are looking for peace, can there be any doubt that this state must be divided? The mountainous areas of the north-west are completely in the control of Pakistan and they will so remain unless taken away by war. Privately, Indian statesmen admit that they do not want to acquire these regions. Similarly, Jammu seems finally part of India, except the part that is west of what is now the cease-fire line. It is no more use for Pakistanis now to quote the terrible things done on the Indian side in Jammu than it is for Indians to give

details of atrocities of Muslim tribes in the Vale of Kashmir. We are left then with the problem of the Vale.

It is no secret that India was at one period of negotiations ready to agree to plebiscites on a regional basis. Sir Owen Dixon—the United Nations representative appointed in 1950 to find a settlement in Kashmir—was also forced in the end to propose partition as the only way out. He canvassed the possibility of a plebiscite only in the Kashmir valley, assuming that the rest of the territory was already effectively divided. Difficulty at once arose about the administration of the Vale during the plebiscite; Delhi refused to consider the withdrawal of Sheik Abdullah's authority in favour of a United Nations Commission. Pandit Nehru has since maintained this stand at the recent Commonwealth Conference in London. But it is a mistake—all too frequently made—to assume that this attitude on the part of India is the only obstacle to a peaceful settlement. For no question of administration during a plebiscite in the Vale arises unless both parties have accepted the principle of partition and, so far, Pakistan has never agreed to any kind of division of Kashmir.

This week* the Kashmir problem is thrown back to the Security Council. If my summary is correct, we may suppose that a solution will be sought on the lines of accepting the present *de facto* division of the country with a plebiscite for the Vale. In that case a settlement would first depend on Pakistan accepting the loss of Jammu—with safeguards for fully maintaining the supply of water to Pakistan. So far Pakistan has refused any such division; whether it would do so if it were made a formal United Nations award I rather doubt. If Pakistan so far agreed, peace would depend on India's readiness to be accommodating about the conditions of the plebiscite in the Vale. It would surely be unreasonable to expect the United Nations to agree to a plebiscite being conducted under the auspices of the ruler whose future right to rule is the issue to be decided by that very plebiscite!

On paper a decision on these lines seems attainable, and I have little doubt that if the issue could be removed from complicating international issues and settled quietly by men as able and reasonable as Pandit Nehru and Liaquat Ali Khan, then settled it would be. These two men have already agreed on measures that have greatly reduced the dangers of communal tension. Unhappily public passions—I will not say public opinion—have been deeply roused on both sides during this dispute, and matters have not been made more easy by the suggestion that Afghanistan may co-operate with India in 'squeezing' Pakistan.

I have close friends among both Indians and Pakistanis. One said to me the other day that if there were no settlement the reason would be pride and prestige on the part of India, and, on the part of Pakistan, a communal fanaticism that regards any concession to India as 'appeasement'. I can only say that the history of Europe reveals countless cases in which just these motives have destroyed the chance of human happiness and decided the issue against peace at the very moment when it seemed within grasp. The new Dominions of awakened Asia need not necessarily follow the bad example of Europe's past.—*Home Service*

*Broadcast on February 13

Self-Government for Nigeria

By OKOI ARIKPO

THE decision of the Secretary of State for the Colonies to accept in all but detail the recommendations of the Ibadan Conference for a new Constitution for Nigeria opens the way for well-ordered political advance. I believe that Nigeria will achieve a full and democratic self-government, but it will take a great deal of honest leadership and wise guidance to bring about co-operation between the many communities. For, with each step forward on the road to independence, many difficult problems of political leadership in a plural society come into clearer focus.

At present the organisation of the various tribes of Nigeria is maintained by a high degree of exclusiveness. For example, no village council will admit into its membership any immigrant resident, however high his prestige may be, simply because he has no roots in the village; and even in national affairs a man's loyalty to his ethnic group may influence his attitude to national issues.

Many political questions are still, too often, debated not on their

merits, but around personalities; so that personal antagonisms or rivalries between political leaders of different ethnic groups are sometimes projected on to the plain of tribal relations; all this, of course, tends to stir up inter-tribal hostilities and to weaken the national unity which is essential to independence. To appreciate the nature of these conflicts, one must remember that for well over 500 years, from the beginning of the fourteenth to the end of the nineteenth century, the western Sudan was the scene of a continuous succession of empires and dynasties established by Negro, Berber and Arab; and of wars which resulted in wave after wave of migrations of Bantu, Nilotic and Hamitic peoples, many of whom came to settle in what is now Nigeria.

In consequence of this long process of migration and intermingling of populations there is today scarcely an ethnic group in Nigeria which presents a distinct and homogeneous physical type; any physical anthropologist, deprived of the aid of language, costumes and other identification marks, would be hard put to it trying to sort out any

dozen individuals taken at random from the major tribes of Nigeria. It is obvious that exact ethnography in Nigeria is out of the question, since the usual criteria of language and physical characteristics are more often than not quite unrelated to racial stocks, and tribal names and traditions often apply to descent in a single line only, usually the patrilineal line.

Tribal Groupings

On the other hand, there exists in addition to the major ethnic groups—Hausa, Yoruba and Ibo—a superficially bewildering number of smaller tribal groupings with an equally bewildering variety of dialects, customs, religions and social organisations. These dialects, on analysis, nearly all resolve themselves into forms of one of the Central African language families, Bantu or Sudanic, influenced to a greater or lesser extent by contact with one another and with the Hamitic and Semitic language of the north and west. Similarly, the great variety of social organisation, religious beliefs and material cultures prove for the most part to be built up from the same box of bricks: they are diverse arrangements of factors drawn from a common stock.

But in spite of these common origins, differences in both the type and degree of social conditioning have produced marked divergencies in cultural and social attitudes; there is the north with its strong Mohammedan influence, increased by the great trade across the Sahara which has for many decades drawn inspiration from the Arab world for its cultural development, while the south, through coastal trade and Christian influence, has been drawn closer and closer into the western European orbit. These two opposing, though not mutually exclusive, influences have for a long time tended to keep the two Nigerias apart, and the cultural gap resulting from many years of this artificial separation has presented Nigeria with one of her most difficult social and political problems.

An example of this kind of problem may be seen in the all-important institution of 'Chiefship'. The chief is everywhere in West Africa the symbol of group unity. He is, or rather was, the axis of political relations and the embodiment of his people's essential values; but the status and role of a chief has always varied in different communities, and his secular authority varies considerably with the type of social structure. For example, in the Northern Nigerian Emirates with their centralised political systems and marked social stratification, the chief is—within the framework of colonial policy—a feudal overlord. His moral authority is enhanced first by his economic position as the greatest landlord in the community, and also by his political pre-eminence as the person on whose favour all aspirants to high political office must depend. But in the west, especially in the long established Yoruba kingdoms, the chief is in principle, if not in fact, a constitutional monarch. He is chosen from one of a number of 'chiefly' lineages by a traditional council of king-makers and nobles who kept the chief's power under check; and had the right to demand the chief's 'suicide' if he proved to be a failure or a tyrant. Yoruba history is full of occasions on which an unpopular chief was sent the traditional 'parrot's egg' as a notification that he no longer enjoyed the confidence of the people and that, therefore, he should, to use a Yoruba idiom, 'go-to-sleep'.

In eastern Nigeria, again, the chief is often more a ritual functionary and less a political leader—political leadership in this case depends, among other things, upon an individual chief's ability and personal prestige. Many communities in the east have a marked lineage system which was the basis on which corporate units with political functions were established. These units or political segments have the same interests as other units of the same order, and any interests which compete are balanced by the traditional beliefs, ritual and myths of which the chief may be the main exponent.

You can see from this perhaps that chiefship everywhere symbolises the unity and exclusiveness of the groups which recognise it; and this symbol can only be effective in the context of its social function and of the social structure which it serves to maintain. Of course, no one can deny that the institution of chiefship has served the needs of tribal society effectively, but it is equally true that chiefship in its present form is totally inadequate to meet the demands of a modern unified Nigeria. To say this is not in any way to disparage the ability of many of the individuals who have filled the role of chief. On the contrary many of them have been men of great wisdom and ability, dominant personalities with a gift for leadership. But to take away from the chief the supernatural basis of his authority and expect him to exert the same moral influence over his people is to fly in the face of facts.

The chief lost his moral authority from the time he submitted to

European rule from fear of superior physical force, and now he is regarded everywhere as the paid agent of the Colonial Government, on whose support he must depend in order to retain his status. Very often he is in the unhappy position of having to reconcile his ambivalent roles as representative of his people against a foreign ruler and as an agent of the latter against his own people. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the chief as an individual must tend to have a vested interest in the maintenance of the *status quo*, and in this respect is opposed to changes which alter the present pattern of authority. But as modern Nigeria emerges, chiefs no less than colonial administrators must sooner or later surrender political control in local as well as in national affairs to the accredited representatives of the people.

Apart from ethnic and tribal difficulties, a serious hindrance to self-government is the present uneven distribution of human resources over the country. By western European standards, the coastal peoples of the south-west and east are more politically and economically advanced than the north. There are more schools of all grades in the south, and the bulk of Nigeria's indigenous professional, technical and administrative personnel comes from the south. In the sphere of central government, while the south can claim at least a decade of participation in legislative activities, the north took no part in central government affairs until 1945 when nominated representatives of the north first took their seats with their southern colleagues in the Legislative Council Chamber in Lagos.

This temporary concentration of trained personnel in the south naturally raises doubts and fears in the minds of many northern representatives that self-government now may mean domination of the majority by a favoured minority. It is clearly recognised that in the absence of effective checks and balances a small group, if put in power, might tend to put its own interests first; and being more personally interested in the labour of the masses than the distant electorate of a colonial power, they might exploit their own countrymen more ruthlessly. This risk, though real, is no argument against self-government. There are effective safeguards against it and in Nigeria the best safeguard is the creation of a well informed public opinion which can, and will in time, be brought into being by universal education. In the meantime more effective use could be made of qualified Africans and more able young men encouraged to acquire experience by full participation in local government. The introduction of the new Local Government Ordinance was a step in the right direction. But more has to be done by Nigerians themselves to promote continuous co-operation between these small communities that were formerly autonomous.

In-Group Solidarity

One of the paradoxes of the present situation is that inter-tribal hostility and prejudice are often encouraged not by the unsophisticated peasants, but by the young literate clerks and technicians who live and work in the urban centres away from their homes. Under the strange and frustrating conditions of urban life these young men often band themselves into groups, 'tribal unions' or 'improvement societies' which provide a means of expressing in-group solidarity and even opposition to other groups.

In such situations differences between various ethnic groups are over-emphasised; it is a common feature of many northern Nigerian towns, for example, that special locations, the well-known Sabongari, are reserved for southern clerks and technicians who constitute themselves into separate communities as distinct from the local community. This social exclusiveness receives official sanction, and the immigrant community often enjoy such concessions as separate petty sessional courts and better medical facilities; nor is official disapproval of the exploitation of these differences by European and African alike often precise and unequivocal. Indeed, many European residents openly and actively advocate the complete separation of the north from the south on the plea of political expedience. But despite these tendencies towards tribal exclusiveness, it is by no means the case, as so many seem to think, that Hausas generally dislike all Ibos, or that all Ibos distrust Yorubas and Ibibios. As a matter of fact, it is not unusual to find in a remote Ibo village some immigrant Yoruba craftsmen or Hausa pedlars plying their trades under the patronage of a local host or the protection of the village head. The happy personal relations which mark these contracts certainly indicate that the greater mobility of large numbers of people from different parts of the country which follows the development of internal communications should lead to greater inter-tribal understanding. Furthermore, there is little reason to suppose, as some

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The Listener

What They Are Saying

Broadcasts on Mr. Stalin's interview

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited, and the B.B.C. cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscript matter, whether literary or musical, which is submitted for its consideration. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C., nor do the reproductions of talks necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast script. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: inland and overseas, 13d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

For Art's Sake

AS regular readers of this periodical will be aware, many persons feel very strongly on the subject of modern painting. But many know very little about it. No one, however, is a more suave or more sensible guide to it than Professor Anthony Blunt. As he threads his way (as in the broadcast talk which we publish today) through the Fauves, Nabis and Cubists, not to mention the Dadaists and Surrealists, one can feel the utmost confidence that he knows what he is saying and loves what he knows. However, it must be a revealing thought to many that the work of the French schools of which he speaks is neither particularly novel nor extraordinary. 'The great achievements of the Ecole de Paris', he tells us, 'all took place in the years before 1914'. Yet was it not in 1919, as readers of Sir Osbert Sitwell's autobiography will recall, that a quite modest post-impressionist exhibition in London made many visitors to it foam at the mouth? 'Could those paintings really be called art?' they demanded; and not even the most persuasive and emphatic writings of Roger Fry, Clive Bell or the poetic Guards officer from Eton could induce them to believe that they were. One can be sure that some of the visitors to the Ecole de Paris exhibition now at Burlington House in London—and especially those who venture into the farther rooms—are struck dumb by the manifestations of non-representational form and daring colour. But if they are astonished, let them rest assured of this: that if time bestows respectability, these paintings, though dated last year, are quite unrevolutionary; indeed they are almost among the Old Masters. Furthermore, as Professor Blunt reminds us, the ideas of the Cubists and others have in fact entered into the fabric of our modern commercial life almost without our realising it. The very posters on the underground railways of London testify to their influence.

But though the modern style of painting is now middle-aged, respectable, and apparently no longer revolutionary, people do not always assent to it or agree about it. In recent weeks we have opened our columns to not a few controversies about different aspects of the subject. Indeed we rarely publish a reproduction of an example of modern painting or sculpture without receiving letters of protest in which hysterical abuse is by no means modified by deference to the laws of libel. The same applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to modern poetry and music, though we have no doubt that here, too, styles and techniques which strike some as the last word in revolutionary novelty are in fact now accepted twists in the river of culture. It is both notable and sobering that intelligent men and women are capable of getting even more excited and virulent about the arts than they do about politics or religion. There is however this difference: that whereas our educational system and historical tradition ensure that nearly everybody has some knowledge of the arguments about the latter subjects and may perhaps even recognise that there are two sides to every question, comparative ignorance seldom imposes any bar on fulminations about the arts.

Yet when all is said and done, is it not a good thing that we should all have feelings, however caused and reflected, on aesthetic questions? And this much may be said for broadcasting—that it has made them impinge on many a home. Sound broadcasting must have spread music as never before in our history; and television may do the same thing for painting and the visual arts. We have no excuse for ignorance: the triumphs of civilisation can be brought into our parlours. A flicker of interest and in time the whole world may be illuminated.

MR. STALIN'S INTERVIEW with *Pravda*, broadcast by Moscow radio on the night of February 16, in which *inter alia* he denied that Russia was rearming and bitterly attacked Mr. Attlee for allegedly driving the British people into a new world war organised by the United States, was immediately seized upon by commentators all over the world. In the Soviet Union itself, Moscow radio, in addition to giving tremendous publicity to Stalin's declaration, followed it up by claims and allegations which would suggest that the Stalin interview is a prelude to a new world-wide communist 'peace' campaign. Thus, *Trud* was quoted by Moscow radio on the following day as painting the Soviet people as the great missionaries of peace throughout the world, and adding:

It is only malicious slanderers like the British Premier Attlee, interested in deceiving public opinion, and concealing from the masses the aggressive policy of the United States and British imperialists, who talk so much about the U.S.S.R.'s alleged failure to demobilise its armed forces.

And on February 18, Moscow radio quoted a leading article in *Pravda* as emphasising various points made by Stalin. 'The machinations of the American and British ruling circles', it said, 'have now been exposed. . . . The Stalin policy will be ardently supported by all peace-loving peoples'. Commentators in the satellite countries treated the Stalin interview as a sort of manifesto, and normal programmes were cancelled to make room for the full text.

In France, the right-wing *L'Aurore* was quoted as describing the Stalin interview as 'an aggressive declaration', and adding:

We do not want to engage in polemics, but we have the right to ask Stalin how he believes a four-power conference is possible with those countries which he accuses in so brutal a manner.

The M.R.P. *L'Aube* expressed the view that Stalin's statement was clearly designed to exploit the pacifist current in the extreme left fringe of the British Labour Party, and so drive a wedge between it and the party's more moderate elements. A similar view was expressed by the Swedish Liberal paper *Dagens Nyheter*, which was quoted as saying:

It is extremely striking that Stalin should choose England as the target for his bitter attack. The reason is not difficult to reveal. Having failed to split the alliance between Great Britain and the United States, Russia now hopes to spoil the co-operation between the two nations by attacking that part of British opinion which is still faltering.

From Italy, the right-wing *Il Tempo* was quoted for the following cryptic comment:

Stalin would have us believe that he is so busy on peace works that he is unable to dedicate himself to rearmament.

A commentator broadcasting over the Turkish radio said that the Stalin interview should be considered primarily as part and parcel of the familiar pattern of communist propaganda. A broadcast from Athens radio declared that if Russia really wants peace, all she has to do is to prove it by deeds.

While, as regards the threat to peace in Europe, Marshal Tito declared in a speech on February 17 that he did not believe an attack on Yugoslavia from the east was imminent, as regards the threat in the Far East, Soviet and Chinese broadcasts last week were in a very bellicose tone. The particular occasion was the anniversary of the Soviet-Chinese pact of friendship which, according to Moscow radio, was a 'tremendous force for strengthening world peace', uniting, as it did, 'almost one-third of the world's population—700,000,000 people'. A Moscow broadcast quoting *Izvestia* said that 'in the whole history of mankind' no alliance of such scope had hitherto been known. The foremost task of the treaty was 'to prevent a repetition of aggression on the part of Japan or any other country uniting, directly or indirectly, with Japan'. The broadcast then pointed to Mr. Dulles' visit to Japan as demonstrating that the United States Government intended to conclude a separate peace with Japan. An article in *Pravda* by the Chinese Prime Minister, Chou En-lai, also broadcast by Moscow radio, assured the Soviet audience that the Sino-Soviet alliance was resolutely opposed to such a separate peace. American imperialists, intent on expanding their aggressive policy against China, were reviving militarism in Japan, where 'the creation of a base for imperialist aggression would present a most serious threat to the cause of peace in the Far East'.

Did You Hear That?

VICTIMS OF NANGA PARBAT

TOWARDS THE END of last summer an expedition set out to climb Nanga Parbat in the Himalayas. RICHARD MARSH, a survivor, gave an account of the climb in 'The Eye-witness'.

'From a distance', he said, 'Nanga Parbat stands out head and shoulders above the 20,000-foot mountains that surround it. But it is



Nanga Parbat (26,660 feet), one of the most imposing summits of the Himalayan range

only when you begin to draw closer that you realise really how big the mountain is. There is a remote village at its foot, at a height of about 8,000 feet, and when you leave this village behind you and reach the tree-line, then you get your first idea of what lies ahead of you. Because there, above and all around you, towers the great mass of Nanga Parbat, another 16,000 feet of rock and ice that rise sheer to the summit.

'We had with us four Sharpas, the tough little mountaineers from Nepal. They were to have helped carry our food and equipment. But some of their friends had before been killed on Nanga Parbat, and when they saw what was ahead they refused to accompany us any further, and we had to go on alone.

'It takes several weeks to climb something the size of Nanga Parbat, and the only way to climb it is to lay a series of food depots up the mountain. This entails relaying your food and equipment from depot to depot, until you have reached the final camp from which you hope to reach the top. We spent about a fortnight in this hard work. The only sound up there on the high flanks of Nanga Parbat was the wind and the avalanches that crashed down almost continually. They provided a sort of background; you were conscious of them even when you were asleep. You felt you were in a world as dead as that of the moon, and one in which the predominant colours were black and white—the white of the snow and the black of the precipices. There was not so much as a tuft of grass, a bird or an animal. We spent the evenings in a tent, reading a Shakespeare play; and then the following morning we would emerge into our world of black and white to carry more loads of food and equipment towards the top.

'This was the first time anyone had been on Nanga Parbat in winter, and we found to our cost how unpleasant it can be up there at this time of the year. The temperature hovered around the zero mark, and after a week I was suffering from frost-bite and had to return to base camp. I left my two companions at 16,000 feet. They said they were going to see how far they could go without taking any big risks. And for two weeks I watched them through binoculars, two black specks

moving slowly up the mountain. On December 1 I watched them pitching their tent at a height of about 18,000 feet. This was the last I saw of them, although for three more days I saw their tent. As the weather was fine, I began to wonder what had happened. Then a blizzard came down, and when it cleared there was no sign of the tent. I felt certain then that something had happened. Two of the Sharpas agreed to help me to try to reach them, but this proved impossible, partly because of the cold and partly because the new-fallen snow came up to our chests. After two days we had to come back to base camp. Day after day we looked up towards the face of Nanga Parbat hoping that we would see two black spots moving up there, yet knowing that we would not. And when it was finally obvious that they had no chance of returning to base, we turned back towards the foot of the mountain.

'The last I saw of the great peak was the huge pinnacle rising 16,000 feet into the heavens, its ledges white from yet another winter blizzard'.

A PEOPLE WHO DO NOT WANT TO CHANGE

'There seem to be, up and down the world', said JOHN SEYMOUR in a Home Service talk, 'a number of groups of people who do not want to change. They have carried on for the last 30,000 years or so without altering their ways a jot, and if they are forced to alter them they may well end up either by dying out, or else by losing their racial identity.

'The Veddahs of Ceylon, the Wanderobo of East Africa, the Pigmyes, the Australian Blackfellows, and the Bushmen of Southern Africa are examples of this kind of people. They all have a lot in common; in fact an African Bushman far more closely resembles an Australian Blackfellow in his way of life than he does his near neighbours the Klip-kaffirs or the Hereros or the Ovambos. They all live by two kinds of activity: collecting and hunting. They see cultivating or pastoral people living around them—presumably they notice that these people have what you or I might call "higher standards of living" than they have—but for some reason they do not copy them or learn from them. Anthropologists and others have various theories as to why these hunting peoples will not take to herding and farming, but my own theory, based on four years of living in Bushman country and becoming very friendly with a number of them, is—they just love hunting.

'And it is not because they are not intelligent enough that they have not adopted more "civilised" ways of life. They are far quicker-witted than their Bantu neighbours—or than ourselves, for the matter of that, in many directions. A Bushman will learn a language in a matter of a few weeks if he wants to; he only has to hear a word once to remember it, and he has the most extraordinary visual memory too. He will remember afterwards every trivial detail of anything or anybody he has seen, even if he only saw them for an instant. I was once with a Bushman, and we caught sight of a car going past and afterwards—incredible as it may seem—he was able to draw in the sand the registration number of the car although he did not know how to read or write. Also he thinks faster than we do, so



Old woman and child of the African Bushmen

much so that a Bushman gets impatient when talking to a white man or a Bantu; he just cannot wait for the other to get his sentences out. He divines the meaning long before the sentence is finished and is therefore constantly interrupting. You have only to talk to a Bushman for a very little while to convince yourself that there is nothing wrong with his intelligence.

'Bushmen have been driven by Bantu and Europeans from the great plains of Africa where they once roamed until now they are only to be found in the "wild" state in the Kalahari Desert, parts of South-West Africa—notably the Namib Desert and the Kaokoveld in the north—parts of Angola, and along the Caprivi Strip. The ones I knew best were the Auen Bushmen, in the north of South-West Africa. Unless you have the *entrée* into their society you seldom clap eyes on the real wild Bushmen. You know they are there but you do not actually see them. You may ride into an encampment: rough grass wind-breaks where they have been sleeping and fires still burning—but no Bushmen. They are a shy people; they do not like strangers. If you are a farmer you may sometimes find the remains of cattle that have been killed by the Bushmen and the meat carried away and eaten, but you are not likely to find the Bushmen who did it. They do not like killing other people's cattle, as a matter of fact, but they have been driven to it at times by the European game laws which try to prevent them from hunting for a living, and also by the fact that the white settlers tend to slaughter all the game in the country they settle in'.

FIRE BOMBS AND ORANGES

St. Clement's, Eastcheap, is the first church in the City of London to be fully restored since the end of the war. VALENTINE SELSEY visited it recently and spoke about it in the Home Service. 'In the last war', he said, 'St. Clement's, Eastcheap, never suffered a direct hit, but it was damaged in every other way. Fire bombs hit the roof and bomb blast broke all but two of the stained-glass windows, blew in the back of the organ and broke down the east wall above the altar. But in spite of all this damage, the Vicar, the Rev. W. E. Lees, and the congregation carried on.

'The windows are all back into position now, though white glass has replaced the stained glass. The two surviving stained-glass windows are high up in the wall above the pulpit; this spent most of the war years in safety outside London. And the pulpit canopy is back too with its decorations carved in oak of winged cherubs and flowers, almost certainly the work of Grinling Gibbons. Oak panelling surrounds the church—the oldest dates back to 1700—and the pews have that glossy seasoned appearance which only comes with age and constant polishing. Over the west door is the organ loft. The Vicar told me how one morning after an air raid he came into the church and found that the entire organ loft had been thrust out into the body of the church and was leaning precariously at an angle of forty-five degrees.

'Christopher Wren gave this little Renaissance church all the dignity and the beauty of his best work. Of a more recent period is the painted reredos behind the altar; this shows St. Clement and St. Martin. The oldest part of the church is the south wall; this survived the Fire of London, as did the base of the belfry. Many people claim that St. Clement's, Eastcheap, is the church of the nursery rhyme: "'Oranges and lemons", say the bells of St. Clement's', and later in the song: "'You owe me five farthings", say the bells of St. Martin's". A church of St. Martin's did in fact exist in the parish before 1666, but was destroyed in the Fire of London and never rebuilt. The other claimants are St. Clement's Dane near the Strand, and St. Martin-in-

the-Fields. And their supporters point to the Covent Garden fruit market. But the evidence in favour of the Eastcheap church is strong. Spanish ships unloaded oranges near London Bridge in the middle ages, hence the reference to oranges, and the nursery rhyme itself is believed to be older than the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. And, the argument goes, St. Clement's Dane and the St. Martin's in Trafalgar Square are well outside the city boundaries'.

ENGAGED BY LORD NORTHCLIFFE

'Printing House Square is the oddly named office of *The Times* newspaper', said H. RUSSELL WAKEFIELD in a Home Service talk, 'and one afternoon in the autumn of 1911 I mounted its steps, my

father's words echoing in my ears, "Lord Northcliffe is probably one of the three most powerful men in the world. This is a great chance for you". Two minutes later a voice said "Sit down, my boy", in the tone of one who orders and is not disobeyed.

'After a few moments preliminary chat about my father, Lord Northcliffe said sharply, "So you're just down from Oxford. Did you read for Honours?"

"Yes, sir. But I only got a second, I'm afraid. I played too many games". A feeble remark which was instantly rebuked.

"Now, my boy, never make excuses. No one believes them; not even yourself, if you're sensible".

"No, sir. As a matter of fact I was expected to get a fourth".

"D'you know what I'd have done if you'd told me you'd got a first?"

"No, sir".

"Reluctantly shown you the door. D'you know *why*?"

"No, sir".

"Because I should have known you had a *tired brain*. This country is ruled by tired brains, and they all took firsts at the university. I have none such in my businesses. A second is an excellent degree. It reveals intelligence, but a refusal to be prematurely *worked-out*".

"Yes, sir", I said gratefully.

"You mentioned games. What games?"

"Cricket, rugger—"

"Do you play golf?"

"Yes, sir. I got a blue for it".

'His Lordship leaned forward, a gleam of great-interest in his formidable eye.

"You did! When can you start? Monday morning?" It was just like that. Like Bertie Wooster engaging Jeeves.

"You mean, sir—?"

"That you're my personal private secretary, if you want the job. Did you win your match against Cambridge?"

"Yes, sir, just. By a fluke really, though I pretended it wasn't".

"I like that reply. Always take credit for your good luck and blame yourself for your bad. It is the first rule for success in life. I want you to report at my Carmelite House office at nine o'clock on Monday. Report to Mr. Price, my secretary there. Can you manage that?"

"Yes, sir".

"You'll have to learn shorthand and typing. And you'll have to learn them in record time. About salary. I shall pay you very little at first, just enough to buy an occasional theatre ticket—in the gallery. But remember, all my young men come to fame and fortune, if they remain with me. Well, then, nine o'clock Monday. If we don't suit each other, there will be little harm done. If we do, your fortune is made. Good-day, my boy".



Interior of St. Clement's, Eastcheap: the church was badly damaged during the war and has now been restored

Framework of the Future

Pressure of Population on Land Resources

By SIR JAMES SCOTT WATSON

YOU know one of our grave anxieties, as we look to the future, is about food supplies for the world's growing populations. As Mr. Dodd, the Director of Food and Agriculture Organisation, has said: 'Any night as we go to bed, we may ask ourselves what we can find for breakfast, for the 50,000 extra who will be with us in the morning'.

Let us look squarely at the facts, gloomy as they are. The first is that very little is left of the once vast reserves of fertile virgin land in the new world. Most of the possible farmland that remains is, in one way or another, 'problem country'—swamp and semi-desert, dripping unhealthy tropical forest, tundra and rocky hillside. Secondly, the world is constantly losing farmland, partly by erosion and partly to provide for needs other than food. And thirdly, the existing world population is very far from being adequately fed. The overall situation is worse than it was before the war, for although the world is producing about four per cent. more food, there are twelve per cent. more people. We in this country, have, of course, cause for special concern. We are, it is true, better endowed with land than some other nations—Japan, for example; but we can support our existing numbers, at our present standard of living, only by importing more food than any other country in the world.

A Hundred Years Ago

Let us look back over some of the road that we have travelled; and let us start at 1851 when, to quote G. M. Trevelyan, 'The Great Exhibition spread its hospitable glass roof high over the elm trees of Hyde Park, and all the world came to admire England's wealth, progress and enlightenment'. Britain then had just ceased to be a predominantly rural country: the census of 1851 showed, for the first time, that the majority of our people—though still only a slender majority—were town dwellers. But the responsibility for feeding our people still rested mainly on our home farmers, for no overseas country was yet able to send us regular or substantial quantities of grain; and imports of meat, dairy produce, fruit and other foods were negligible. Our farmers' task had been constantly growing heavier. The population of Great Britain and Ireland, though just about half what it is today, had doubled since the first census was taken in 1801—there were twice as many mouths to feed.

This growth of population had, of course, called for a great and sustained effort on the part of our food producers—aimed partly at higher yields, but more especially at adding acres to the national farm. The sandy wastes of East Anglia's Breckland, the ragged commons of the Midlands, the wide expanses of Scottish moors, Lincoln Heath and Yorkshire Wolds, as well as many little patches on the Welsh hillsides and along the fringes of Exmoor, had been converted, with much sweat, into cornfields and green pastures. Only one considerable block of the once vast expanse of the marshy, ague-ridden fens still remained to be drained. The general pattern of the country—except, of course, that towns were smaller and slag heaps fewer—was already much as we know it today.

But by the 'forties—the hungry 'forties—most of our forefathers knew in their hearts that we must give up the notion that we could continue to be self-supporting. The crisis had come in 1846 and 1847. By that time the potato had become an important crop—because it produced more food, per acre, than corn—and in Ireland it had replaced grain as the staff of life; and in those two years the crop was stricken by a frightful new disease. The result was that 500,000 Irish people died of famine and pestilence, and 1,000,000 more fled the country. So the Corn Laws were repealed—with the object, of course, of offering the inducement of an open market to overseas growers. But the flood of imports, hoped for by the hungry poor and dreaded by landowners and farmers, was not destined to arrive for another generation. By 1851, our reserves of unfarmed land were virtually exhausted and our farmers were concentrating on higher—that is to say, more intensive—farming. One vast operation, the drainage of our great expanse of wet clay, was well in hand. Every winter thousands of workers were busy, up to their knees

in mud, digging thousands of miles of trenches, in which were laid millions of cylindrical clay tiles. New fertilisers were coming into use—nitrate from Chile, sulphate of ammonia from the new gas works, guano from the Pacific Islands, superphosphate made by treating fossil bones with vitriol. But what caused most astonishment to our overseas visitors at the Great Exhibition was the vast range and the fine workmanship displayed in the collection of British farm implements. Those who went on to Windsor, to the great 'Royal' Show, were equally impressed with the great array of fine cattle and sheep.

The following quarter-century is commonly spoken of as the Golden Age of British farming. By 1870, the old craft, with the new aids which science was providing, reached an astonishing level of efficiency, so that farmers and landowners from other countries came thronging to see and to learn. For in fighting our own battle we had forged many weapons that others were later to turn to good account. It was the middle 'seventies which saw the beginnings of the flood of imported wheat that had for so long been hoped for by the poor and feared by the landed interests.

The reaper, one necessity for the mass production of corn, had been at work for many years. And now the new railways and ocean-going steamers could bring corn from the far-distant new lands to British ports. As is now reckoned, the world's resources of farmland had been increased by more than forty per cent. Another fact is that a good deal of the new land, reserves of which seemed virtually inexhaustible, was being exploited rather than farmed, so that the price of wheat fell to a level that had hardly been known for three centuries. And this was not all. In the early 'nineties, cargoes of frozen meat began to arrive from the other side of the world.

While the other countries of western Europe all did something to keep their farms in being and to preserve their rural people, we, for half-a-century, did nothing. Cheap food seemed to our townfolk, both rich and poor, to be an unmixed blessing. Low costs of living enabled factory wages to be kept down, and low wages meant that our manufactured goods could be offered, overseas, at very attractive prices.

Not all of our farmers suffered grievously. There was a growing demand for milk and vegetables, and home-produced meat commanded a better price than the imported frozen article. Some corn farmers, if they took the resolution in time—before they went bankrupt—were able to swing over to livestock, fruit or vegetables. But in some eastern districts the majority of farmers broke, and their land either fell derelict or was rented for a song by 'incomers' from Scotland, Wales or Devonshire, who lived frugally in the kitchens of the great farm houses and worked all the hours that God sent. In the uplands the bracken and heather crept down the hillsides into the fields that had but lately been reclaimed, and the Midland clays, that had been so laboriously laid dry, reverted to rushes and briars. Between 1871 and 1931 the number of paid farm workers fell by more than half, and what was worse, those who remained came to feel that their job no longer mattered.

Was Our Policy Wrong?

Of course, it is easy to be wise so long after the event. From a narrow economic point of view, and in the short term, our national policy was perhaps right. There were indeed many who, on social grounds or for sentimental reasons, regretted the decay of the countryside. But I cannot think of anyone who pointed out that, even from the strictly business point of view, our policy would, in the long term, prove wrong. And yet the argument could, I believe, have been made pretty convincing. In our own country, population had quadrupled in less than two centuries, and there was no real doubt about the cause. It was not that the birthrate had risen. It was simply that the progress of medical science and the improvement of medical services had vastly increased the expectation of life of every child that was born; and it seems to me that it should have been clear, even in the 'eighties, that the same causes were beginning to operate over the world as a whole—I mean that world population would rise just as ours had risen. But there is nothing to be gained by crying over our past mistakes. For the past dozen years our

farmers have had every encouragement to make good the harm that was done, and to press on to higher production. The level already reached is forty per cent. above that of the pre-war period. Moreover, new possibilities are constantly being created by the discoveries of science and by the native ingenuity of our farmers and workers.

What in particular have we done in Britain? I could make out a very long list, but a few examples must suffice. Penicillin, apart from its great value in human medicine, is rapidly eliminating a disease of dairy cows—mastitis—that used to cost millions of gallons of milk each month. BHC and other new insecticides are revolutionising the war against destructive insects. The new hormone weed-killers were largely developed in this country during the war. We are again, as in the 'seventies, making immense strides in farm machinery and exporting great numbers of fine tools. The world's beef industry is still founded on our British breeds of cattle. Many of the great *estancieros* and station owners of the New World have been at the great Perth cattle sales this month. Again, we have given great thought to the organisation of agricultural research, the education of future farmers and workers, and the machinery for the rapid dissemination of technical knowledge. In doing these things, and many more, we—like our grandfathers—are contributing notably to the world's stock of scientific knowledge and farming skill.

Will all this, with all that is being done elsewhere, be enough? Are we, as some believe, making headway towards the world of plenty? Or are the pessimists right? Will population outpace agricultural progress

so that, in the end, the choice will lie between wars of extermination and universal famine?

It is true that there are physical limitations to the amount of food that can be produced on this planet by what you may call conventional methods. It is, as I think, conceivable that the world's soils could produce twice or even perhaps three times as much as they are doing today. But if population continues to double and redouble at intervals of seventy years—which is implied by the current statistics—what will happen in the coming centuries? Well, don't you think that posterity may decide that 4,000,000,000 or 5,000,000,000 are about as many people as this planet can comfortably accommodate? And don't you think it conceivable that world population, like so many other things, could be planned?

If not, there is still another possibility. You doubtless know that the basic process underlying all food production, at present, is the synthesis of sugar from air and water, which takes place in the leaf of the green plant exposed to the light of the sun. This same synthesis can be carried out in the laboratory. True, much remains to be done before the process could be carried out on a large scale; and its operation upon a worthwhile scale would require a vast expenditure of power. But isn't atomic energy in sight?

I am not supposed to prophesy in this talk. But if I had to set up in that line of business, I should not yet be among the prophets of world famine.—*Home Service*

The Ecole de Paris in Retrospect

By ANTHONY BLUNT

IT is, I think, rather important to be clear what the term 'Ecole de Paris' means, if only because there is a good deal of dispute whether it is a valid term at all. I think myself that it is, provided it is used carefully.

Up to the end of the nineteenth century there was simply a French school of painting just as there has been a Dutch or a German school; and it consisted of French painters painting in France (in practice mainly in Paris). But in the present century Paris has become the international centre of art, and it was a group of artists of very mixed nationalities who started the revolutions which have transformed painting in the last half century. Modigliani was an Italian, Picasso and Gris Spaniards, Chagall a Russian, Pascin a Bulgarian, and so on. But it is still reasonable to talk of them as the 'School of Paris', because they had in common certain fundamental beliefs and methods; and although they fell into different groups, the lines which divided them were in no sense the lines of nationalities. But there is nothing new or surprising in finding a group of painters of all sorts of nationalities working in a single place, with a certain community of aims. In fact, it is what always happens when one particular town becomes the artistic capital of Europe. It was, for instance, for several centuries true of Rome, the predecessor of Paris as the cosmopolitan centre of art.

Now let us try to see what the painters of the School of Paris actually did. The essential achievements of the School all lie within the period between 1900 and the beginning of the first war. During those years the two great movements of Fauvism and Cubism were developed. These movements challenged pretty well every established doctrine about the arts, consciously or unconsciously held. They explicitly rejected the Romantic view that art was nature seen through a temperament, and the Realist view that art was a slice of life, and the Impressionist view that painting was a record of the visual sensations produced on the retina. A painting, the Fauves said, was a piece of canvas covered with paint, and the business of the artist was to cover it in such a way that it was harmonious in itself irrespective of its relation to nature. In accordance with this view, Matisse and his friends produced a series of paintings in which all perspective and modelling were abandoned as being untrue to the two-dimensional nature of painting, and colours were applied quite flat without modulation.

Curiously enough the doctrine behind the practice of the Fauves had been worked out well before 1900, in one form by the group around Gauguin at Pont Aven, but in another form by painters whose practice was a great deal more conservative than their theory. Even the academic

Gustave Moreau said something which comes very close to this abstract doctrine; and it was formulated in its purest form by the Nabis, that is to say the group formed in the eighteen-nineties which included Bonnard, Vuillard and the more theoretical Maurice Denis. But there was also a more positive side to the theory of the Nabis and the Fauves. The Nabis had explicitly stated—and the Fauves more or less followed them in this—that in addition to being a consistent and harmonious decoration, a painting must be the expression of an idea or feeling. Or rather, what they actually said was, the *equivalent* of an idea or emotion. That is to say, that while the artist was under no obligation whatsoever to imitate nature, he had to find symbols which expressed his idea or feeling, and which might either be natural objects or forms and colours which were emotive in their own right. It was on this principle that Matisse would happily paint a part of a face bright green, if it happened to express his intention more completely than painting it the natural colour.

Between them the Nabis and the Fauves destroyed the old standards of painting to a remarkable degree, but the next stage in the revolution was to be even more drastic in its painted results. The Cubists theoretically paid more attention to nature than the Fauves, but they treated her in a more high-handed way. The Fauves declared that they did not need to imitate nature at all, but in practice the objects which they paint, though simplified and oddly coloured, are always easily recognisable. The Cubists approached nature in a more arrogant mood, and from a more intellectual point of view. The complexity of natural appearances, they said, could and should be analysed into forms simpler and more readily apprehendable to the mind. This meant in effect breaking up visible objects into a series of geometrical solids. Then, following their strict intellectual line still further, they challenged the principle that the artist must always depict what he can see from one particular point of view. They claimed instead that he can paint what he knows about the world, and is therefore entitled to combine on a single canvas different views of an object from the top and from the sides, and, if he wants, even from the inside. The result is a cerebral reconstruction of a piece of nature.

The effects of these two movements seem to be very revolutionary, and were actually based on a rejection of most accepted principles. But if you look at it from another point of view, the Nabis, the Fauves and the Cubists can all claim to be logical continuations of older traditions. When the Nabis talk of painting being the outward and visible sign of their idea or feeling, they are using the formula common to all idealist

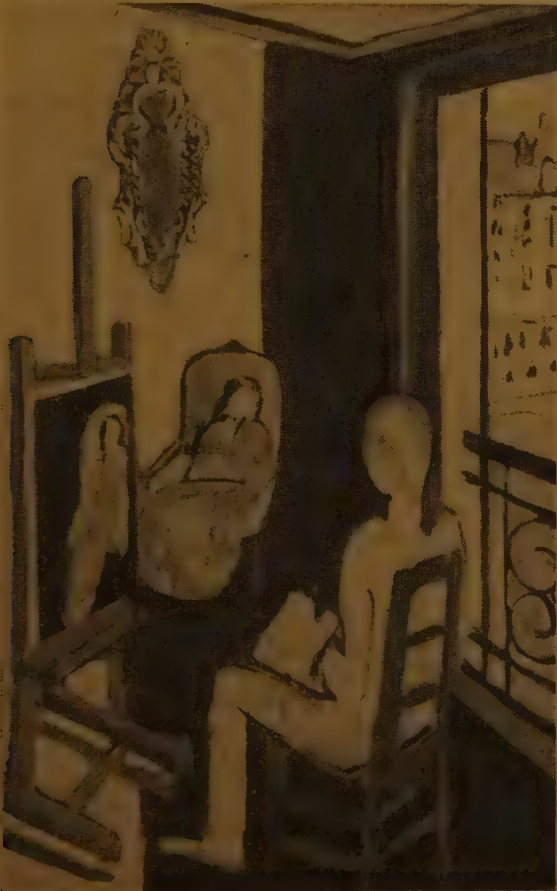
aesthetics, that the object of the artist is not to imitate nature, but to express the idea in the artist's mind; and this, after all, is to be found everywhere from the neo-Platonists through the whole of medieval art and even as late as Michelangelo and Raphael—a very respectable ancestry. When the Fauves claimed that a painting must be a decorative harmony of lines and colours, they were only formulating more clearly what all painters have always practised, though in the past they have usually combined the claims of decoration with those of naturalism. When the Cubists tried to reduce nature to a mathematical orderliness, they could reasonably say that they were only doing more thoroughly what Poussin had begun and Cézanne had continued. Such links with tradition do not, however, affect the basic fact that these movements challenged existing standards. After all, every revolution has its roots in the past and can always appeal to authority; it is no less revolutionary for that.

But the Fauves and the Cubists did not only upset people's ideas about the present; they also shook up their views about the past. In 1900 painters in Europe were still enclosed almost entirely within a European and ultimately a classical tradition. True, the art of Japan had broken the circle at one point; but the artists of the twentieth century were to break it up altogether. Classical Greek sculpture was thrown down from its altar and was replaced by Negro images; Raphael was neglected in favour of El Greco; Titian was pushed aside by the artists who made the mosaics of Ravenna. That is to say, in their attitude towards both the present and the past painters rejected classical and humanist standards and turned instead to their exact opposites. Directness and violence replaced balance, harmony and moderation.

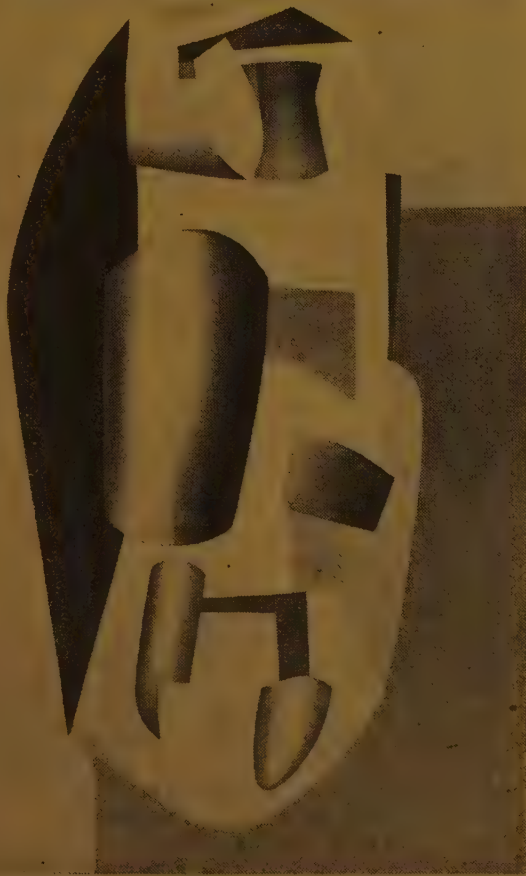
There was nothing very surprising in such a change, and historical conditions at the beginning of the twentieth century would have made it hard for artists to have the optimism and faith necessary for the creation of classical art. The painting of the Fauves and Cubists was therefore in tune with the period; and in those years before the first war it had the vitality which goes with genuine revolution, even when it seems to be most



Examples of three art movements, from the 'Ecole de Paris' exhibition at Burlington House: 'Interior', a Nabi painting, by Vuillard



'The Artist and his Model', a Fauve painting, by Matisse



'Standing Figure', a Cubist painting, by Jean Helion

futilely iconoclastic. But, alas, that vitality did not last, and it is one of the sad spectacles of recent painting how almost all the giants of that period have lost their stature and shrunk, in most cases, to academic pigmies. Some, like Vlaminck and Marquet, just went on churning out the old stuff, which inevitably became worse in the process; others, like Derain and Van Dongen, became fashionably vulgar. Even Matisse, the greatest of all the Fauves, suffered this fate for nearly twenty years, and then made an almost miraculous return to youthful vigour at the age of eighty. Rouault, who has always stood slightly aside from the main stream, has carried on his half-religious, half-satirical commentary on the degradation of human nature. Some of the

Cubists, particularly Braque and Léger, continued to evolve genuinely new forms within their defined conception of painting and so avoided sterility. But only Picasso has gone on and on, continually expanding the horizons of art, often becoming nastier and more horrifying, but never stagnating and never sinking to the academic. But he was an exception, almost the unique exception.

I said earlier that the great achievements of the Ecole de Paris all took place in the years before 1914, and I believe that this is true. But, you will say, what of Dadaism and Surrealism? True, these two movements took place after 1914; but we still have to examine two problems: did they produce results that were really worth while?—and were they products of the Ecole de Paris? In the cases of Dadaism the answer to the second question is clearly no. Dadaism was created in Switzerland at the end of the first war in an atmosphere of utter pessimism which was more obviously appropriate to central Europe than to France at that particular moment. Was it worth while? That is harder. Dadaism had the charm and the futility of all doctrines carried to excess. Dadaism was pure, unqualified anarchy; the unchecked expression of *je m'en foutisme*, the English for which is bloody-mindedness.

The Case of Surrealism

The case of Surrealism is more complicated. It starts from the assumption of Dadaism that all human reason is futile and its processes invalid, but it adds to this negative view the positive doctrine that whatever comes from the subconscious is worth while and, in a sense, true, provided reason does not interfere with the expression of it. Surrealism is therefore the extreme and scientific formulation of the romantic theory that art depends on imagination and not on reason or conscious thought—another case of a revolutionary doctrine deriving from respectable sources. In relation to the more immediate past it can also be seen as the application to painting and poetry of the principles of Freudian psychoanalysis, a method which was evolved in the first decade of the present century. At its inception in the mid-nineteen-twenties, therefore, Surrealism was already in a sense half a generation late. Its doctrine, moreover, is also open to other theoretical objections. It can be argued that it is based on a rather superficial application of Freudian principles to the arts, and it would be maintained by many that the artist ought never to give up deliberately and completely the control of reason in the creation of a work of art, as he is compelled to do according to the Surrealists.

It is also worth noticing that although Surrealism must count as a product of the School of Paris, because it was invented and first practised there, its ideas and methods were for the most part drawn from abroad. Of those who can count as immediate forerunners or as founders of the movement, Chirico was an Italian; Chagall a Russian, who admittedly lived in Paris; Klee, Arp, and Ernst were ex-Dadaists; Kandinsky was a Russian mainly trained in Germany; the Catalan Miro had only been in Paris a few years; and only Marcel Duchamp, Masson, Picabia and Tanguy were by their previous training and in their ideas members of the Ecole de Paris. Surrealism was therefore not, like Fauvism or Cubism, the result of a French tradition in the production of which foreigners contributed; it was a style mainly made up of elements introduced by non-French artists from foreign traditions, many of them contrary to existing principles of the school of Paris.

So far I have been trying to describe what happened in the School of Paris during the last half-century; now the awkward moment has arrived when I must try to answer the question which I formulated at the beginning: what have these artists added to art, to the achievements of the human mind? One part of the answer is easy. The painters whom we have been talking about have unquestionably transformed and greatly enlarged our formal vocabulary. You have only to look at the ordinary industrial products of today—posters, magazine covers, the patterns on the seats in the railways—to realise that the idioms which the Fauves and the Cubists invented were so well-suited to the age that they have been taken up and vulgarised (often disastrously) and are now something which we take for granted. At a more serious level it is equally certain that the discoveries of the Fauves about the absolute value of colour, and their experiments in flat decorative pattern, have left a permanent mark on painting. The same is true of the analytical methods of the Cubists.

But have these painters only enlarged the formal vocabulary of art; or have they added something to its content? Have they had something to say? In some cases again the answer is obvious. The Surrealists would claim to have explored new zones of the imagination by their study of the subconscious. The Nabis and Fauves would say that they

invented their new formal idiom to express ideas and feelings in themselves which were hitherto unexpressed. The Cubists would assert that they had extracted from nature certain patterns which were consonant with human reason. All right. These are contributions to the content of art; but they are all contributions with a dangerous bias. They lead increasingly inwards and not outwards; and in each case attention is focused on the artist's mind, not on the world outside him.

The Nabis and the Fauves still rely largely on their capacity for feeling; remember that their doctrine refers to the expression of ideas or emotions; and it is perhaps this which gives warmth and significance to their paintings. With the Cubists everything springs from the analytical, almost mathematical faculties of the mind, intellectual and less human. With the Surrealists we plunge still deeper, beyond the conscious mind into the subconscious. A steady tendency inwards, in which the outer world is more and more ignored. This, it seems to me, is the most alarming symptom. In the last half-century the artist has turned away more and more from the world around him and has shut himself up in his ivory tower. There is nothing surprising in this, for in this period more perhaps than in any other since the break-up of feudalism the artist has had reason to feel lost and baffled in a world where he sees the old order breaking up under the pressure of economic conditions, and a new order arising. The uncertainty of the transitional period, coupled with the horrors of two major wars, is a sufficient reason for the artist, more sensitive than the rest of us, to take refuge in his own mind, and so to avoid contemplating what is taking place around him. The end of this story is that in the art produced in Paris during and since the last war there has been a sudden outburst of abstract painting; not Cubism but real pattern-producing, of the kind which artists like Mondrian had explored before and just after the first war.

One artist alone seems to have escaped this tendency, though he has often led others into it: Picasso. It is true that as one of the creators of Cubism he led the early flight from the subject; but he deserted the style when it threatened to become empty of all meaning. Later he was much concerned with Surrealism, though he never fully subscribed to its doctrines. But, except for occasional moments of pure experiment, his art never lost a certain touch with reality; at least there is always in it great emotional energy. What is more important is that he was one of the first to re-establish a closer contact between art and life; and in his great mural of *Guernica*, painted during the Spanish war, he attempted once again to treat a theme that was human, tragic and even political. This desire to turn once more to political subjects is in one way a manifestation of Picasso's sensitivity to human problems, which never deserted him; and it also points to the only solutions to the present quandary of the artist. It may not be necessary to do as Picasso has done and join the Communist Party, but it is vital that a painter should take cognisance of events around him and should be, consciously or unconsciously, a seismograph for the changing conditions and movements in the world. Artists who refuse to register what is taking place outside their ivory tower may in the end find that it has turned into a *cul-de-sac*.—*Third Programme*

The Swan King

The flower-blue lake far off and in the foreground
The trees of the pear-orchard are clothed in white,
Clouds of pure starry foam, the springing grass
Shines thick with tender jonquils, the mountain cones
Rise misty blue beyond the sapphire lake.

In this proud castle high above the lake
Lived once the mad King Maximilian,
Who disappeared upon a noon of May,
And was not anywhere ever seen again—
The peasants say that he was changed into a swan.

Now he sails for ever the blue lake,
And sometimes on a cloud-soft noon of May,
As it might be this noon, he is seen again,
A silver swan crowned with a cirque of silver,
Oaring with webbed feet over the slow wave. . . .

WILFRED ROWLAND CHILDE

The 'Twenties

The Romantic Travellers

By EDWARD SACKVILLE-WEST

BEFORE I touch the subject of this talk I want to warn you that it is going to be rather a personal one—much more personal than it would be if I could think of any other way of presenting the subject. Since I was born at the very beginning of the century I grew up with it and shared in its transformations; so I had my youth in the 'twenties—and it is scarcely possible to see objectively the decade in which the world unfolds itself to one. I remember it vividly; but my view of it is that peculiar to an English poet.

Winter in Dresden

There is always a watershed between the forward look of youth and the backward look of age from which we suddenly see the past as the past, and our future as co-equal with it. For me this watershed occurred rather early and in a context that was typical of the shape assumed by the cosmopolitan spirit in the 'twenties. I decided, on the spur of the moment, in the autumn of 1927, to spend the next six months in a German family in Dresden. There was nothing original in this decision except the complete freedom of action that surrounded it. Before 1914, or after 1945, a young man who went abroad for any considerable time did so with some professional object in view—the diplomatic or consular service, or the like. I had no such aim, nor had many of my contemporaries who explored the world in search of what we may agree to call adventure. In my own case the step was not quite as vague and irresponsible as it may sound: as a writer I wanted to learn the German language thoroughly; as a musician I wanted closer contact with the German musical world; as a novelist I was keenly interested (and here again I was by no means alone of my generation) in German life and character. But, unlike the young men of past and future periods, we of the 'twenties considered ourselves free to take what was grist to our mills and leave the rest.

We were avid of experience, and did not care overmuch if some of it turned out to be wasted. For the 'twenties was the last great period of Privilege. It is useless to deny this, and it would be hypocritical in me to pretend that I did not enjoy it—the more so indeed, because, in common with others who shared in the cosmopolitan spirit of the day, I could not but realise that the sands were running out. But throughout the 'twenties there were still people—writers and artists of all kinds—who were in a position to explore the treasure-house of Europe, and did so. I wish this were more generally possible for our successors of today. To be obliged to sit at home all the year round, in order to keep the pot boiling, is bad for most artists and therefore for the world in general.

That winter in Dresden, with its centrally heated family life—so strange, so endlessly amusing—its evenings of amateur chamber music, interrupted by exclamations of '*Wunderschön!*' and '*Herrlich!*' between mouthfuls of *Schinkenbrot*; its exciting performances of opera; its expeditions with German friends into Saxon Switzerland and the Harz Mountains—that winter is one of a chain of similar episodes which, like a vista of rooms, I can look back through until I reach the years before the first war—years during which the cosmopolitan spirit was planted in London by the genius of Serge Diaghilev, and took root there, like some exotic flowering shrub. As a child I had the good luck to see Nijinsky dance '*Le Spectre de la Rose*'; to witness the first London productions of '*Parsifal*' and of Strauss' '*Elektra*'; to hear Scriabin play his own music; to hear '*Walküre*' under Nikisch. I enumerate these events because it was on them that my imagination was nourished, in the closed England of the war years. They came, those great occasions, to form the basis on which the aesthetic experience of the post-war years was built. They prepared me, and doubtless many others of my generation, for the vast expansion of the cosmopolitan spirit in art and thought which followed the re-opening of the frontiers in 1919.

Immediately it became apparent that Paris was, more than ever before or since, the hub of civilisation—the centre of a two-way traffic stretching westwards to New York and eastwards to Berlin, Warsaw, Vienna. The Paris of the Peace Conference was indeed the acme of

cosmopolitanism—a breath-taking mixture of nationalities, of irreconcilable ways of life and thought, among which all kinds of extravagant fantasies went off like squibs under the feet of those who were trying—how vainly, we now know—to set the world in order. If you imagine a very large co-education school in which discipline has relaxed and the pupils are thoroughly out of hand, but which retains for all that the outward semblance of a school, then you may get some idea of the atmosphere of Paris during the Peace Conference. And this mutinous ferment set the tone of the cosmopolitan spirit that was to dominate the next decade of the century.

The great novel of Marcel Proust emerged, volume by volume, under our fascinated eyes. André Gide (he had recently published '*Les Caves du Vatican*') was about to achieve international status. Stravinsky and Picasso had already begun to pillage the past for the benefit of the present. Those clever young composers, Milhaud, Honegger, Poulenc and Auric, aided and abetted by the discerning and ubiquitous Diaghilev, set to work to bait the spirits of Beethoven and Wagner with music that was gay, sarcastic, cheekily tuneful and purposely superficial. Jazz came in and with it dance music assumed an international guise it has never lost. In the theatre the company of actors led by the Russians, Georges and Ludmilla Pitoëff, were giving unforgettable performances of Gorki, Tolstoy, Shaw and Pirandello.

Other aspects of the scene were less serious. The Dadaists (precursors of the Surrealists) blew their toy trumpets and their leader, Tristan Tzara, gave a recital of his poems to the accompaniment of an electric bell. Maurice Rostand, with a mop of hair and button boots, was endeavouring with shrill rhetoric to keep his father's tattered flag flying. Jean Cocteau, still at the stage of promise, was perfecting his technique of catching the camera's eye. Parties of well-dressed people crowded every week into the Negro ball in the Rue Blomet. Others frequented the dives of the Rue de Lappe in the hope of seeing knives thrown, of meeting a potential or (better still) an actual murderer. The painter, Picabia, commissioned to devise a baller for the Swedish company of Jean Borlin, entitled the result '*Relâche*', which, as you know, is the term used in France to denote that a theatre is closed for a holiday. Seeing the entertainment posted up on the kiosks, half Paris took the title seriously and stayed away. The other half, who were in the joke, turned up on the first night, only to find that the chief dancer, Borlin, had suffered an injury and that the theatre really *was* closed. Meanwhile, like a net of starlings, the Americans had descended upon the Montparnasse quarter, and—unlike starlings—remained there, with the burly figures of Miss Gertrude Stein and Mr. Ernest Hemingway at their head.

Summer on the Riviera

From Paris (or even London) to the Riviera had become a short step, and for the first time in its history the far-flung coast of Provence was transformed from a winter resort for the old into a summer resort for the young. At the same time Venice underwent a similar transformation. The reason for this was the new passion for sun-bathing, combined with the change in both women's and men's fashions, which made it elegant, not merely possible, for the first time in centuries, to wear really light clothing in hot weather. The society of the Riviera quickly became as cosmopolitan as that of Venice in the eighteenth century; but a spacious air of respectability was conferred on this raffish milieu by the eminent writers who were strung out, more or less permanently, along that dramatic coastline. People who were so minded could drink aperitif with Mr. Aldous Huxley at Sanary, lunch with Edith Wharton at Hyères, take tea with Elizabeth Russell in her no-longer-German garden at Mougins, drink a cocktail with H. G. Wells near Grasse, and dine with Mr. Somerset Maugham at Cap Ferrat. A full day; but the pursuit of pleasure can be a full-time job, if you choose to make it so—especially if it be accompanied, as it often was, by discriminative snobbery and the gossip-writer's nose for 'copy'.

In the cosmopolitan world of London, Paris and the Riviera, all that is connoted by the word *chic* was of great importance. East of the Rhine

the picture was essentially different, for the concept of the *chic* which seems to me an essential ingredient in civilisation, is also one which the Germans have never understood or been able to realise in fact. It is symptomatic of this sense, or the lack of it, that the Diaghilev Ballet, as a cultural phenomenon, never had much success in Central Europe. Berlin—and Vienna too, for that matter—were dominated at that time by the characteristically teutonic movement known as Expressionism—an aesthetic creed which, like the Romantic movement of the early nineteenth century, affected the quality of urban life almost as much as it did the theatre and the novel. That film of genius, *The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari*, was a time bomb which did not go off in London until the 'thirties, and in Paris not until the 'forties; but German stagecraft in the 'twenties was the most adventurous in the world, and its influence was profound and inescapable. English, American and even French people flocked to Berlin to see the productions of Max Reinhardt, of the Piscator Bühne, and that typical creation of the 'twenties, Kurt Weill's 'Dreigroschenoper', a brilliantly clever travesty of 'The Beggar's Opera', furnished with verses in the style of Kipling, jazzed-up music, and a decor recalling the Tottenham Court Road in 1900. But for the moment Expressionism, however exciting it might be in its native setting, was not found suitable for export. Poets and novelists were, it seems to me, the first to be affected by it, outside Central Europe; the visual arts were too completely held in the dazzling spell of the French School to cast even a glance at the lurid and provincial muse of German painting.

In music the case was very different. Despite the evident attractions of Stravinsky and the group calling themselves 'Les Six', all seriously musical people found it necessary to resort once again to Berlin, Vienna and the German provincial capitals, in order to hear Wagner and Strauss and—what was perhaps of more far-reaching importance—the great Verdi revival that swept through Germany under the aegis of conductors like Fritz Busch, Bruno Walter, Erich Kleiber and Clemens Krauss. In this connection it is well to remember that the festival idea, which now looms so large in the cultural life of Europe and especially of Great Britain, was largely evolved by cities like Munich and above all Salzburg, where the genius of Reinhardt presided from the baroque castle of Leopoldskron. In the pre-Hitler days Munich was even more of a favourite with English people than Dresden or Berlin or Vienna, and Salzburg during the festival was as polyglot as Paris.

In fact, to use an unpleasant word for want of a better, the intelligentsia made a point of travelling as much as possible, throughout the 'twenties. Writers like Morand, Maurois, Cohen-Portheim and Vincent Sheean introduced the capitals of the world to one another in witty and penetrating books. Everybody who could afford to go abroad took what proved to be the last opportunity of doing so with any ease. As usual, the British travelled more than any other race. British prestige had not yet sensibly diminished, the pound stood high among currencies, and it was difficult to go anywhere—even Timbuctoo or Tomsk—without meeting someone you either knew or knew of.

So much, then, for the outward aspect of that highly coloured period. I propose to conclude this talk by taking a look at the intellectual and spiritual assumptions of the 'twenties. Of the writers who influenced private behaviour the most outstanding were probably André Gide, Proust, Freud, D. H. Lawrence and Norman Douglas, in that brilliant and cynical novel, *South Wind*. Gide's sequence of prose poems, 'Les Nourritures Terrestres', with its epicurean philosophy, its rejection of Christian ethics, its avidity for life and for exotic forms of beauty, offered a programme which seemed entirely satisfying to the young intellectual of the early 'twenties. This book was, so to speak, the gospel of the period, as Freud was its Book of Revelation. D. H. Lawrence might annoy us by his nagging tone of voice, but it was impossible to ignore so extraordinary a genius, and in any case his views on sex combined with those of Freud, provided a convenient excuse for flouting the rules and conventions of our parents. One other book, Gide's *Les Faux Monnayeurs*, must be mentioned, because it is so highly characteristic of its date. It is too exclusively French to give a generally valid picture of life in the 'twenties, but it does convey the moral atmosphere of the period. In the general reversal of values, private life took place in public, and public life in private. This was especially observable in Paris and Berlin, but London, too, had its share in the witches' sabbath. The individualism of the period was too extreme and intransigent: intellectual pride was erected into a faith, and had its results in an unhappy blend of cynicism and sentimentality. It was not ethics we lacked so much as religion, which, like politics, was hardly considered a subject at all. We had been taught by Gide to catch the joy as it flies, and by Proust to cultivate emotions that proved, as often as not, to be unreal. The result was the hysteria peculiar to the 'twenties, and a 'longing for what was never home' (the phrase is Louis MacNeice's)—a nostalgic melancholy which made us bury our heads in the poems of A. E. Housman, or re-read Alain Fournier's *Le Grand Meaulnes*.

The violent romanticism of the 'twenties conferred upon that decade a poetic quality that gives the period a certain resemblance to Europe after the Congress of Vienna. But it was a highly personal, lyrical form of poetry—not the epic sort which distinguished the years 1915 and 1940. At the same time, it should not be assumed that we were idle. A great deal of work, of one kind or another, was done by people who lived a typical 'twenties life to the top of their bent. But work is not picturesque, and it is for its picturesque qualities that a period is generally known, after it has passed into history. However, for the consolation of those who may be trembling with indignation at the thought of our iniquities, I will add that we are paying for them now. To have been young in the 'twenties makes it difficult to be middle-aged in the 'fifties—just as people who were young during the Regency found it hard to breathe the glum and puritanical atmosphere of England in the eighteen-fifties. Many of them indeed preferred to retire huffishly to Italy. We possess no such means of escape—even if we wish to take it, which I for one do not; but in any case, having eaten our cake it would be churlish to complain that it is no longer there.—*Third Programme*

Mechanisms of Control

By A. TUSTIN

A GREAT many people who would not normally be so have become greatly interested in the last few years in automatic control mechanisms in engineering. Professor J. Z. Young, in his recent Reith Lectures, spoke, for example, of the intense interest to physiologists of these engineering automatic control mechanisms, such as the auto-pilot and modern boiler controls.

Physiologists are interested for two reasons. First, such controls may replace a human operator, as when the automatic pilot replaces a human pilot. Such mechanisms seem in this sense to imitate some human functions. Secondly, the physiologist finds within the human or animal body numerous automatic mechanisms that depend upon principles identical with those of the engineers' control systems. Examples are the mechanism by which we balance when standing, or the control that keeps the body at constant temperature. We find similar principles operating in contexts even more remote from engineering. They come into play in such problems in economics as the control of booms and slumps; and we find them again in biology, as in the control of pests.

The peculiarities of behaviour of any engineering automatic control

system are perhaps best explained by describing the working of some typical example. The automatic pilot for aircraft will illustrate the main points very well. The human pilot, while he eats his sandwiches, can hand over control of the aircraft to a mechanical device. It probably seems rather like black magic to non-technical people that this device will proceed to operate the rudder, elevators and ailerons, and to fly the aircraft level and on the set course, correcting the deviations due to gusts of wind, engine equalities and so on. It will in fact do this with greater precision than the human pilot can achieve with months of practice.

This is, of course, remarkable, but in essential principle it is very simple. Consider just one of the operations, namely the control of the course—that is to say, of the direction of flight. What is done is first to measure, by means of a gyro-compass, the error of direction of flight from the required course. This error brings into action a mechanism to turn the rudder. This turns the aircraft back on to the set course. The controlled quantity in this case is an angle—the angle between the direction of flight and magnetic north. The controlling

quantity is the required angle set by turning a knob on the apparatus. If the two differ, that is, if the error is anything but zero, an electric signal is produced proportional to the error. This signal is amplified, and caused to activate the motor that turns the rudder, which duly turns the aircraft back to the required direction, and so nulls the error.

There is a quite essential and characteristic pattern about these relationships. The control is error-actuated. Such error-actuated controls necessarily belong to a somewhat wider class of systems, namely systems with a closed sequence of dependence. Let me make clear what I mean by this. The angle of flight of the aircraft depends on or is affected by the angle of the rudder. But when the auto-pilot is working we have made the rudder angle depend on, or be affected by, the direction of flight. Thus the rudder angle controls flight direction, but also flight direction controls rudder angle. The engineers' jargon for this is to say that there is a closed sequence of dependence between these quantities. In plain English, the quantities interact. There is not merely dependence, but interdependence.

A Homely Example

To show that this pattern is no accident, but characteristic of any control situation, let us leave the perhaps unfamiliar gyro-pilot, and look for a moment at an excellent example of an automatic control that most of us have in our kitchens, I mean the temperature regulator on a gas oven. Here the controlled quantity is the temperature, which is controlled by a throttle that can vary the gas flow. This in turn varies the heat produced, and so finally the temperature of the oven. The regulator takes the place of the housewife who otherwise would have to regulate the temperature by turning the ordinary gas tap. To make the control of temperature automatic, the temperature must be measured. This is done by the expansion of a metal rod, and the throttle opening is made to depend on the difference, or error, of the rod length from the required value. The required value, of course, is set when you set the regulator dial to the required 'heat'. Thus the gas oven regulator, just like the auto-pilot, also follows the pattern of an error-actuated control, and it necessarily involves interdependence of quantities—that is, it involves a closed sequence. Operating the throttle controls the temperature, but also any variation of temperature controls the throttle, by means of the expanding rod.

I want to point out a characteristic feature of such systems. They are liable to fail to regulate, and instead to become self-activating, building up wild oscillations instead of settling down to their steady job. This could easily happen on an aircraft with an auto-pilot. Suppose that the control action is not instantaneous, but somewhat delayed. Then, as the aircraft turns back into the right line of flight, the rudder is not yet completely back to normal position and consequently continues to turn beyond the required course because of its own momentum. It will therefore turn too far. The control will then in due course come into action in the reverse direction to turn the aircraft back. But always the control will act too late, and the aircraft will again overshoot, this time perhaps further still. And so on, the aircraft veering from side to side of the required direction and never settling down to steady flight.

Obviously what is wanted is to replace time delay by some sort of anticipation. If the rudder can be brought back to the central position not after the aircraft has turned to the required course, but somewhat earlier, then all will be well. It turns out, on proper mathematical investigation, that there are quite fundamental limits to the possibilities of such anticipatory action. This is the basis for an important general principle. The possible accuracy of control is usually limited by the time delays that unavoidably occur in the system. Time delay is the enemy of accuracy, and attempts to exceed a certain limit of accuracy will result in uncontrollable spontaneous oscillation.

This phenomenon of oscillation due to interaction is extraordinarily widespread and crops up in the most unexpected places. Let me give first an example within the experience of every motorist. If one has to drive a car in a fog and tries to keep on the white line, one finds that one cannot avoid veering or oscillating from side to side of the line. Car driving and many similar controls by a human operator are error actuated. In this case the driver sees the error from the white line and turns the steering wheel to correct it. This response is not instantaneous, for signals received by the eye must travel, relatively slowly, along the nerves to the brain, further time is required by the brain to organise the appropriate signals to the muscles, and these travel down the nerve-paths to the muscles and turn the steering wheel. Altogether about a third of a second is taken before the slightest result from a change of visual information can occur at the steering wheel. As a result

the driver overshoots the white line, and then he has to correct again and may in this way continue to oscillate from one side of the line to the other. Now this, just like the examples of mechanisms, is a closed sequence, because not only does the error determine the way the steering wheel is turned, but turning the wheel reacts again on the error. And again there is time delay and possibly inadequate anticipation because of the fog, and the result is an oscillation. The phenomenon of speed-wobble on a motor bicycle originates in a similar way. In flying modern high-speed aircraft, especially in blind flying from the indications of instruments, the limitations that arise in such ways are having to be studied very closely. These are joint problems in engineering and physiology.

I shall pass over the many examples of automatic controls in the human body itself, except to note that the two peculiarities that we have just seen as being characteristic of the control situation, namely oscillation and the use of anticipation, are both observed. Oscillation is observed in certain pathological derangements of the nerve mechanisms. It may take the form of muscular tremors or twitching. The feature of anticipation is a characteristic of all our sense organs, and arises from the fact that the signal they send out along the nerves is greater when the stimulus is increasing than when it is decreasing. It is believed that one of the advantages of this peculiarity is that in certain reflex actions the anticipation partly offsets the time delays of nerve transmission and muscular response.

In all systems intended for control the repercussion of cause and effect must be in such a direction or sense that any disturbance is suppressed. It is equally possible to have closed sequences of cause and effect that, instead of being suppressive, are cumulative in tendency. A kitten chasing its own tail is a system of this sort. Another illustration of cumulative interaction is an explosion, for this is simply the behaviour of a system where chemical action raises temperature, and temperature accelerates chemical action. Thus the cumulative type of interaction may be described as 'explosive' while the suppressive type tends either to quiescence or oscillation. Both types of interaction crop up in all kinds of situations, not excluding the trivialities of daily life. We have all probably experienced that rather embarrassing situation when we meet an equally polite citizen face to face in the street, and each steps sideways to avoid the other, but in the same direction. 'Excuse me', we both say, and both step back the other way, and then perhaps back again. This oscillation results from the mutual interdependence of the movements of the two people, the movements being in the corrective or suppressive sense. If the people were perfectly identical mechanisms they would continue to oscillate indefinitely. Many oscillations that at first sight seem to have no apparent cause may be accounted for if we look for the closed sequences or interdependences involved.

Lord Keynes on Oscillation

The greatest of all problems of oscillation is that of the oscillation of our economic system between boom and slump. Slumps cause incalculable loss and misery, and until quite recently their mechanism baffled man's understanding. It was only fifteen years ago that J. M. Keynes gave the first adequate explanation of the trade cycle, and so gave us the key to its control and the basis for modern policies of full employment. Keynes showed in his epoch-making book, *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*, how oscillation arises from the interdependence of various economic quantities. A fully adequate picture or model of the economic system is a complex one, but in Keynes' view the essential feature is the existence of two principal closed sequences of dependence. One, of lesser significance from the point of view of the main trade cycle, concerns consumption goods. The other, which mainly controls the periodic oscillation between boom and slump, concerns capital goods, and consists in the interdependence of economic activity and investment. Keynes showed that the rate of investment determines economic activity, but also, completing the closed sequence, economic activity and consequent expectations arising from whether business is increasing or decreasing, determines the rate of investment. The time factors in this sequence are such that oscillation is a possibility. This sequence can be broken, so to speak, by controlling the rate of investment, as is now done. Better business precasting would also help.

The engineers' concepts relating to control systems fit, in a remarkable way, many situations in biology, economics and elsewhere, and provide a noteworthy example of the way in which progress in one field can be of value in other fields where no connection was at first suspected.—From a talk in the Third Programme

NEWS DIARY

February 14-20

Wednesday, February 14

Mr. Shinwell opens two-day debate on defence in the House of Commons

Two railwaymen's unions reject Court of Inquiry's recommendations on wages

South Korean Marines make a landing on the east coast of Korea 80 miles north of 38th parallel

Thursday, February 15

Opposition amendment criticising Government's defence policy defeated by 21 votes

General Marshall, U.S. Secretary of Defence, says that four more American divisions are to be sent to Europe

Railway Executive accepts recommendations of Court of Inquiry on wages

Friday, February 16

Services estimates presented to Parliament provided for an increase of about £312,000,000

Minister of Labour meets representatives of three railway unions

Moscow radio broadcasts interview with Mr. Stalin in which he attacks Prime Minister's statements about Soviet Union

Saturday, February 17

A British Note handed to Russian Ambassador in London answering charges that Britain has violated agreements with the Soviet Union in regard to Germany and criticising Soviet policy since the war

Officials of National Union of Railwaymen in Manchester call for a strike from midnight on Tuesday

Marshal Tito says that Yugoslavia would not take arms from the west unless she were faced with an imminent attack

Sunday, February 18

United Nations forces advance eight miles on central Korean front

Mr. Foster Dulles, America's special envoy, concludes his talks in Australia

Monday, February 19

Representatives of the Railway Executive and railway unions discuss report of Court of Inquiry

Flood warnings issued by Thames Conservancy Board

Death of André Gide, the French author

Tuesday, February 20

Seven dock labourers charged in London court with conspiring to incite other dock workers to take part in illegal strikes. Token strikes take place in Merseyside, London and elsewhere

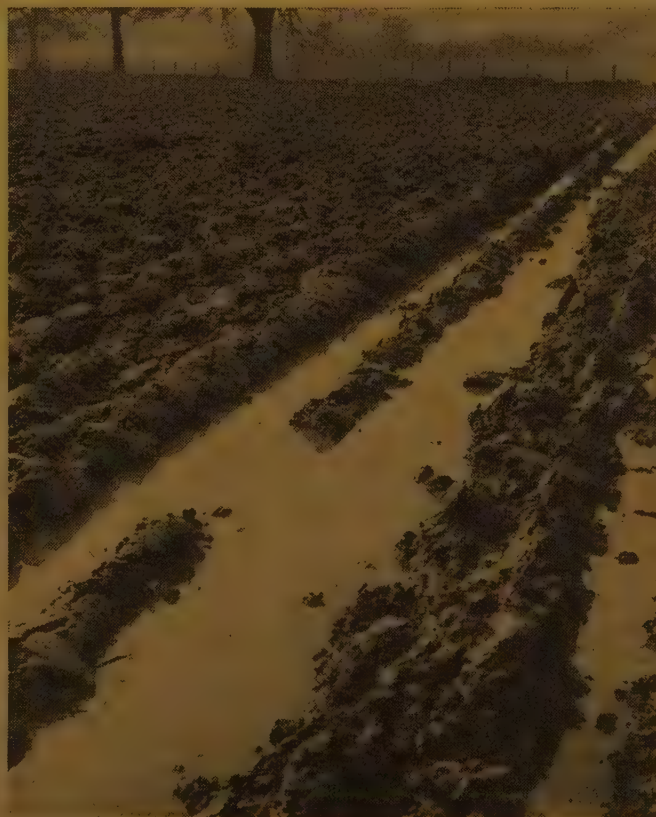
Further talks on railway wages

Mr. Shinwell makes statement on fighting in Korea

Death of Cyril Maude, the actor



A British officer of an advanced unit looks over Seoul from Yongdung Po, the city's industrial suburb on the south side of the Han River. Last week the heaviest fighting took place in the central sector where the Chinese, after an unsuccessful attempt to break through the United Nations' line between Wonju and Yaju, are estimated to have lost over 31,000 men



Waterlogged furrows on farmland near Witham, Essex. By the beginning of this week most of southern England had had twice the usual amount of rain for the whole of February



The conference on the Lundy Island in the Bristol Channel (Mr. to be shipped last week to the Devonshire ponies are seen being taken on to a Royal Navy ship which carried out the 'evacuation' (the n serving the island is at present out



Owing to shortage of winter feed, livestock of Lundy Island in the Bristol Channel (Mr. to be shipped last week to the Devonshire ponies are seen being taken on to a Royal Navy ship which carried out the 'evacuation' (the n serving the island is at present out



Germany's proposal for a European Army opened in the first session on February 15 in the Salon de l'Assemblée Nationale; M. Schuman, French Foreign Minister, and M. Pleven, French Prime Minister (left-hand photograph) were representatives of the German Government; M. Schuman, French Foreign Minister, and M. Pleven, French Prime Minister (right-hand photograph) were representatives of the German Government and the United States sent observers



A three-day Franco-Italian conference took place at Santa Margherita, Italian Riviera, last week when M. Schuman, French Foreign Minister, and M. Pleven, French Prime Minister (left-hand photograph) met Signor de Gasperi, Italian Prime Minister, and Count Sforza, Italian Foreign Minister (right-hand photograph) to discuss outstanding questions between the two countries. In a statement at the conclusion of the conference, the Ministers declared their resolve to co-ordinate their activities within the framework of a United Europe and of the Atlantic Pact; one of the essential aims of the two countries is a Europe in which a democratic Germany would play its part



An exhibition of printed and woven textiles and interior design by students of the Glasgow School of Art opened on February 15 at the Rayon Industries Design Centre, Upper Grosvenor Street, London. The photograph shows examples of printed rayon materials



Right: evening scene on the Thames at Battersea: a photograph taken last week

The Powers of Darkness and the Power of God

By the Rev. F. C. BRYAN

WE will take as our starting-point some words in which St. Paul describes the battle we are engaged in. 'We wrestle not', he says, 'against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in heavenly places'. His idea is, you see, that our real fight is not against any physical enemy: it is against powers that are spiritual. We are up against unseen forces that have got the upper hand in this dark world, spiritual agents, saboteurs (so to speak) from the very headquarters of evil.

That is how St. Paul sees it. We might not express it like that ourselves, but we know quite well what he is referring to. When he says our real fight is not against a human enemy, we agree, don't we? Most of us do not regard any human beings as mortal foes—Russian peasants, Chinese coolies, or anyone. In fact, there is nothing we dread more than to find ourselves driven into a position where we have to treat men as enemies and do our best to kill them. St. Paul is right; the enemies to be destroyed are not of flesh and blood. The real enemies are those evil things that pervert the mind, corrupt the heart, and invade the personality. We have to battle with malignant foes we cannot see.

Born into Sin

In other words, evil is something much more sinister than just the deliberate, wilful sinning of individuals. It has somehow got into our systems, into our societies, and even into our slogans. There is individual sin, of course; but there is also a racial, corporate wrongness that goes very deep. We are all born into it and to some degree we all share in it. St. Paul at least thought so, and with our recent experiences we can hardly disagree with him.

For example take what is called today an 'ideology'—and we have two or three different sorts offered us. People use the word rather loosely, but in general it means a master-plan for individuals and for society as a whole—an idea held with the fervour of a religious conviction, and pursued with a ruthless devotion. An ideology is not a philosophy; philosophies grow out of questioning, and an ideology is something which nobody is allowed to question; it has to be blindly accepted. Its chief power is over people in the mass, rather than over individuals, and when presented with all the skill and technique of modern propaganda it can become a mighty and malign spiritual power. And this raises searching questions about human nature.

It seems as if down beneath the surface of our normal consciousness there are volcanic fires burning. And when something breaks up our normal habits, some catastrophe perhaps, or fear or frustration, or most of all some sudden accession of power, then these fires can erupt with devastating results, and decent people may behave as neither we nor they would have believed possible. In ordinary times, of course, there are various things which help us to behave like civilised beings; there is our own training, our culture pattern, the standard of decent conduct expected in the circle we live in, and even the presence of the policeman or the ticket collector; but all the time these dark elemental passions are slumbering in us; they influence our behaviour more than we care to admit, and they betray their presence sometimes in horrific dreams, sometimes in queer compulsions and complexes; and, at their very worst, in making us behave like devils. When that happens it seems as if human personality had quite literally been invaded by the powers of darkness. And the awful thing about it is that people in such conditions may be absolutely convinced that they are doing right, that the end justifies the means, that they are acting as servants of destiny or even servants of God. No one must question their actions, or stand in their way.

No belief could be more deadly than that, whether it is held by Christians (as at times it has been) or by anyone else. It is virtually man setting up to be God. Man believing he is God Almighty; and judgment was passed on that before history began in the story of the tower of Babel, and it has been falling on it ever since in one crisis after another. 'The day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon everyone that is

proud and lofty, and upon everyone that is lifted up; and he shall be brought low'.

It is tempting to believe that just one more war would solve all our troubles: kill off the people obsessed with the latest ideology, and then everything will be all right. But it is not as easy as that. Evil is like the hydra: you cut off one of its evil heads, and two more spring up in its place. We have tried it twice in our life-time, and we ought to know by now. The fact is this: the war has to be carried up to the spiritual level, and to be fought with spiritual weapons—with truth, with justice, with faith and prayer and, above all, with unbreakable, sacrificial goodwill. It is on the spiritual level that the real enemy is engaged and the vital battle is lost or won.

Now quite clearly, if we are unaided and alone, we are helpless in this warfare—terrifyingly helpless. If we have no allies in the spiritual world, then we are lost. Listen, for example, to Professor Jung, the psychologist: 'Never yet', he says, 'has man been able single-handed to hold his own against the powers of darkness. He has always stood in need of the spiritual help which his religion held out to him'. In other words, some kind of faith in God is a psychological necessity, if the powers of darkness in the souls of men are going to be overthrown. But on what grounds *can* a man believe in God in a world like this? What is the evidence that we have allies in the spiritual world?

The Christian Church answers simply: 'Jesus Christ'—*He* is the evidence. On the Cross He fought the powers of evil and defeated them. His great fight and victory happened: and nothing can ever undo them: they are part of our spiritual heritage. He fought and defeated the powers of darkness in circumstances like our own, and in His own body. And through Him the power of God becomes available for us on the same terms.

Picture that scene in the Garden of Gethsemane. The powers of darkness, as if aware that Jesus is going to destroy them, mass their forces to destroy Him. They inflame the authorities of the Temple (who naturally dislike anyone who interferes with their privileges). They poison the mind of a disgruntled disciple to betray Him. And as if to run no risk of defeat, they stir up the authorities to send a large band of men, heavily armed, to arrest Him at dead of night. It looked as if they must win hands down. It was the world's darkest hour, and He knew it: 'This is your hour', He told them, 'and the power of darkness'. They did their worst. The pain they inflicted on His body and the desolation that filled His soul are beyond the power of human telling. And at last He died.

Centres of Christian Resistance

Yes, it was their hour all right: to all seeming they were rampantly victorious. The spirit that was in Christ, the very opposite of all they stood for, seemed dead and done with. But was it? Before many days were passed the powers of darkness were aware that all was not going according to plan. Forces they had not reckoned with were being mobilised against them. People they had despised because they were just nobodies, were filled with a new spirit—the spirit of this Jesus they had just got rid of. Instead of one centre of resistance that could be easily destroyed, there were a hundred, a thousand; they were multiplying at alarming speed. The more you destroyed them the more they seemed to spring up all around. Christ when dead seemed more powerful than Christ alive. And what was so disconcerting was this—that more and more people seemed to believe that the crucified Christ was still alive. And no wonder! His leadership was more inspiring and more widespread than ever. It was not just in one single place, it was everywhere. There was no one visible leader who could be rounded up, as they had rounded up Jesus in Gethsemane. This leadership came from within, where they could not get at it. It seemed to be coming from another world to which they had no access.

It was all a cock-and-bull story, of course, that story about the empty tomb. Jesus was not really alive. Dead bodies don't rise again, certainly not torn and mangled bodies like His. And yet there was no denying it: He did really seem to be more alive than ever. Their strongholds of

power and privilege were threatened as never before. And these common people, these nobodies—you arrest them and threaten them and bring them before the council, and you can't do anything with them. There's nothing they are afraid of. Imprison them, and as like as not in some mysterious way they get out. Stone them from one city, they begin in another. Beat them with rods, and they sing praises to God. Kill them, and at once others spring into their places and continue the battle. That was the Christian Front as it now presented itself to the world. *S*

Of course, there is another side to the picture as well. If you could have looked into the hearts of these simple people, you would have seen great spiritual struggles going on—flesh and blood shrinking from the ordeal: fightings without and fears within: lapses, defections, weaknesses and faintheartedness. But of this the world saw little. What it did see was men who out of weakness were made strong, men who had never believed they could face kings and princes, doing so 'for the name', men who were full of fear lest in the hour of fiery trial they would not be able to endure, who were yet given grace to be faithful unto death. Amazing victories of the spirit were won. And bit by bit the power of darkness was broken. It became clear that violence and aggression had met their match; and that there is, within the veil, in that spiritual world, where chicanery and treachery cannot corrupt, and where bombs and tanks cannot break through to destroy—in that spiritual world there is a victorious power with unbreakable lines of communication to its beleaguered hosts here on earth and with inexhaustible resources for their support. It is the power of the spirit

that dwelt in Christ, that turned defeat into victory, and 'could not be holden of death'.

Haven't we here just the help we need for this hour? Solid evidence of a power of God mightier than the powers of darkness. Here, in Christ and His cross, what seemed the most crushing defeat of good in all history turned out to be its most decisive victory. That is the ground of our faith; that is why we believe that in the end evil cannot win.

But that end seems far off. What about it now? Well, three things: We can remember, whatever comes, that our real foes are not people, but those evil things that pervert the minds and inflame the hearts of people: what St. Paul called 'principalities and powers of darkness'. We can learn of Christ what the weapons are by which alone these evil things can be destroyed, and how to wield them. I shall have spoken in vain if I have not helped you to see Christ as our heaven-sent leader in this campaign. We must face the fact that there is no easy way out. We must be prepared to take what may be coming to us, as He took His cross—with courage, with faith, with uncomplaining endurance, and above all with unquenchable love, forgiving as we hope to be forgiven. Such is the spirit of Christ, the power of God in which He conquered.

But, you say, there is not much sign of His victory just at present. Well, at Alamein only a few prophetic souls saw the tide had turned and the victory was ours. But it was; though the way was hard and long before we proved it. So with the cross. There may be a long road before the final triumph. But the tide has been turned. The victory is won.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

When an Atomic Bomb Bursts

Sir,—I am disappointed that four physicists, Messrs. Clayton, Day, Farmer and Fowler, should be shocked by an objective account of the effects of an atomic bomb, especially as I went out of my way to make it plain that I do not regard the indiscriminate bombing of cities as the right way to use this or any other bomb.

Comparing fire damage with that caused in Tokyo and Hamburg allows full weight to the elements of surprise, since in fact there was warning there and none at Hiroshima; so I fail to see the objection. I did not say that flash-burn is of little importance but maintain that it is easier to guard against than blast or X-rays, except in its possible effect of causing conflagrations. These last are the greatest danger unless drastic measures are taken in advance.—Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.7

GEORGE THOMSON

Framework of the Future

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of February 15 Sir Charles Webster, in speaking of the criticism that democratic foreign policy is only defensive, said: 'Even if we had the power to penetrate its [the Soviet Union] police state we would not do so, for we believe, as they do not, that every sovereign nation has the right to choose its own way of life'. I believe this assertion to be bad history, shocking morals and incorrect.

Professor Webster must be aware that on September 3, 1939, the British Prime Minister said: 'In this war we are not fighting against you, the German people . . . but against a tyrannous and foresworn regime which has betrayed . . . the whole of western civilisation and all that you and we hold dear'. And what is de-nazification supposed to mean? I am not here discussing whether the 're-education' policy was practical or has been successful. I am simply giving one example (there are others) which makes nonsense of Sir Charles Webster's contention that 'we believe . . . every sovereign nation . . . has the right to choose its own way of life'.

It is true that from 1936 to 1939, to the despair of some of us, we adopted the theory believed in by Sir Charles and unctuously declared that it was no business of ours what the Nazis did in Germany. Events proved that it was very much our business. I cannot ask for space in which to deal with the moral issue but I declare that within the limits of what is practical it is my business to 'penetrate' (say Czechoslovakia) and rescue the Czechs. No one in their senses believes the Czechs have chosen this present way of life. As to the Soviet Union, I believe the great majority of the people do support the present tyranny simply because they have never been allowed to find out about anything else. It is my business so far as possible to 'penetrate this police state' and let the Russians know the truth.

Finally, it is not true that we do not attempt to penetrate these police states. Our efforts are pathetically small compared with Soviet activities to penetrate and overthrow democracy, but if Sir Charles thinks we are doing nothing, he is either very simple or ill-informed. I have too much respect and regard for him to believe either of these explanations.—Yours, etc.,
Bordon

STEPHEN KING-HALL

Red Army Men Speak Out

Sir,—Mr. W. L. Goodman's objections to Paul Anderson's broadcast on his interviews with deserters from the Red Army is surely somewhat unreasonable; as long as the Soviet Union makes it impossible for foreigners to travel and investigate freely, our knowledge of conditions behind the Soviet frontier can only be obtained from accounts of such conditions given by those who have managed to escape to the west. If the accounts of Mr. Anderson's ex-Kolkhozniki are not in accordance with the facts, the remedy is in the hands of the Soviet Government; it has only to permit of uncondemned tours through its agricultural territory by parties of farmers and farm labourers from England.

I do not imagine that our educational authorities would place any obstacle in the way of Russian teachers who wished to satisfy themselves as to the veracity or otherwise of a Mr. William Adams who seems to have informed the Russian public that wholesale flogging is part of the English school system and 'every English classroom a torture-chamber'. Where accurate observers might find difficulties would be after their return to the Soviet Union—in getting their report into print.

Mr. Goodman concludes his letter by asking: 'If Russia is such a hell upon earth, what are we worrying about?' Surely the answer to that question is: Because we are not indifferent to human misery.—Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.3

CICELY HAMILTON

Sir,—Mr. Anderson seems to be an easy victim for some of the most vigorous leg-pulling I have ever seen.

During 1950, five delegations went from this country to the Soviet Union. These delegations contained a number of highly responsible people, most of them members of the Labour Party. In three cases the delegations were sent officially by trade union bodies. The total distance covered by all the delegations was some 45,000 miles inside the U.S.S.R. They spoke to some thousands of individuals, attended meetings, addressed meetings, visited the people in their homes and at work. They saw children at school, young men and women at college. They visited the countryside and inspected farms and the homes of farmers. Many of the delegates made it their business to investigate precisely that type of description of Soviet life given by Mr. Anderson. They found conditions in the U.S.S.R. to be the reverse of the picture given by him. They found that the average worker is infinitely better fed than in Britain, whereas Mr. Anderson gives us to understand that they are practically starving. They found that education was on a splendid scale, that clothing was of good quality and certainly in

sufficient quantity to satisfy the needs of the population.—Yours, etc.,

British Soviet Friendship Society

London, E.C.1 WILLIAM WAINWRIGHT

Sir,—Mr. Goodman, refusing to believe the statements quoted by Paul Anderson, asks why if these were true, there is a thin trickle of refugees instead of a mass migration. May I suggest three reasons?

(1) Red Army men have relations who will pay the price of their desertion. The Criminal Codex of the R.F.S.F.R., published in 1948 by the Soviet Minister of Justice, says (Article 58. 1.C.): 'In the event of flight abroad . . . by a member of the Army Forces the adult members of his family . . . if they knew of it but failed to report it, are to be punished by deprivation of liberty for a period of five to ten years . . . and continues 'the remaining adult members of the traitor's family [those who neither assisted or even knew of his plan to escape] . . . are liable . . . to exile to the remote areas of Siberia for a period of five years'.

(2) It requires great courage for a man to leave the only country he has known for an unknown world he has been taught to dread, whose very languages he cannot understand.

(3) The Soviet authorities have omitted no precautions to prevent desertion—banning of intercourse with foreigners, the rigidly closed barrack life, and even the posting up of notices asserting the Western Powers hand back all deserters.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

FRANCES BLACKETT

Hon Sec., British League for European Freedom

Prague under Communism

Sir,—The anonymous Englishman whose broadcast 'Prague under Communism' appears in THE LISTENER of February 8 must have surprised many of those who heard him when he said that President Gottwald 'is the Prime Minister now'. This is but one example, however, of his obvious failure to learn much about Czechoslovakia while he was living there. The picture which he painted is really fantastic—and I say this on the basis of some considerable knowledge of Czechoslovakia both before and since the last war.

He should know, for instance, that Czechoslovakia did not have 'a balanced economy', but is in the process of establishing one now—under her (communist) five-year plan. He should know also that the Czechs—doubtless for reasons arising from their history—were 'secretive and suspicious' before the last war and its sequels: it will be some time before the real freedom which they are now in the process of achieving for the first time can cure them of this tendency. And I am surprised that he has not realised that news-editors of different newspapers, in Czechoslovakia as here, often quote news items from the same Agency, and that there is therefore nothing extraordinary in the fact that these appear 'in exactly the same words' in their various newspapers.

As regards listening to B.B.C. broadcasts, I know very well—and so, no doubt, does the B.B.C.—that this is very prevalent all over Czechoslovakia. From the way in which people have quite openly discussed with me—in the most respectable communist company—what they have heard, I must say that I have received the impression that no attempt is made to discourage such listening, and that therefore it is absurd to say that 'of course they had to listen in secret'. As a matter of fact, when I was in Prague barely a week ago, one of the Deputy Prime Ministers, Mr. Zdenek Fierlinger, remarked to me in conversation that the Czechoslovak Government makes no attempt to dissuade people from listening to the B.B.C. broadcasts, because it hopes that the striking contrast

between conditions as there described and the reality which they find around them will destroy any illusions which they may have about British (official) solicitude for truth, or for their welfare. The broadcast which I am discussing will surely have justified such hope, so I will refrain from comment on its many further inaccuracies.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

EDGAR P. YOUNG

[The speaker asked us to correct his description of President Gottwald as Prime Minister, but by an oversight the correction was not made.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Impressions of Australia

Sir,—The Archbishop of Canterbury's talk on Australasia was enlightening, but I realise he could not say, in fifteen minutes, one tenth of what urgently needs to be said about returning emigrants, gambling and other matters affecting both Australians and ourselves.

Thousands of migrants returned because in Australia they had to live in garages, tumble-down shacks and even cowsheds. I personally know many—all good citizens and certainly not 'quitters'—who suffered intolerably and, in some cases, borrowed money to get back to England; but what of the still larger number of sufferers who, with good reason to want to come back, have to remain in misery because they have no money to return? I am sure the Archbishop would not knowingly do these misled migrants an injustice.

In 1949 I went to Australia as a visitor only, although I stayed ten months and travelled 10,000 miles across and about the continent. I saw for myself the bad housing, frantic, demoralising, state-organised gambling, obtrusive drunkenness and work-dodging on a big scale.

When I was in Melbourne twenty girls in a workroom there 'struck work' because the manager would not let them listen to a broadcast commentary on a horse-race when they were supposed to be working! Lotteries are run, non-stop, by the Governments of New South Wales, Queensland and Western Australia. Those three Governments are destroying national character—and character will be needed the first time Australia gets bombed as Britain did. I wonder if the Archbishop saw the big, crowded building in Sydney labelled: 'New South Wales State Lotteries'. Did he see the numerous men and women in busy city streets, sitting at little tables all day and far into the night, selling lottery-tickets to passers-by whose great craving is to get something for nothing? One hears the pitiful excuse for these lotteries that 'they help the hospitals'. It is like setting a cathedral aflame and saying: 'But look what good practice it gives the fire-brigade!'

Australia is a grand country. It will be infinitely grander when the drawbacks are remedied—as they can be.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W. 14

EDWIN MIDDLETON

The Tragedy of Thomas Masaryk

* Sir,—It should be recalled that Austria-Hungary before the first world war was larger than either Germany or France and had more inhabitants than Great Britain has today. As a political structure, the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy may have had its defects; but, as an economic unit with a vast free-trading and single-currency area, it was a signal success. In fact, it was the only part of Europe where nobody went hungry.

The most prosperous part of the Monarchy was Bohemia, inhabited by the Czechs. The famous Czech industries—glass, china, steel, machinery, sugar, cement, and brewing—were all founded and brought to perfection under the Habsburgs. A few months before his death, Jan Masaryk, only son of the famous Professor

Thomas Masaryk, confessed to Sir Duff Cooper, then British Ambassador in Paris, that 'the Czechoslovak people were never happier than under the rule of the Habsburgs'. This shattering confession was disclosed by Sir Duff Cooper in his letter published in *The Daily Telegraph* of April 18, 1950. It is all the more surprising that Lady Violet Bonham Carter should still, as she did in her broadcast reproduced in THE LISTENER of February 15, speak of 'subjugation' and 'oppression' of the nationalities in Austria-Hungary, and make the wild charge that 'their lands had been confiscated, their language proscribed, their faith condemned, and their books and Bibles burnt'. Has it never occurred to Lady Violet that Jan Masaryk may have committed suicide for the very reason that he came to perceive the tragic error of his father's policy, which, in its ultimate consequences, was mainly responsible for opening the heart of Europe, including Czechoslovakia, to the advance of the Muscovite conqueror?

In 1918 Charles of Habsburg, the last Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, proclaimed to his peoples and accordingly notified the Allies, that he was disposed to transform the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary into a confederation of independent States, somewhat on the lines of the British Commonwealth of Nations. But Lloyd George and Clemenceau, and especially Woodrow Wilson, who was more eminent as an academic theorist than as a practical statesman, preferred to take the advice of the learned old professor rather than that of the enlightened young Emperor.

It is impossible to discern the mark of greatness upon those Allied statesmen who failed to foresee that the disappearance of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, with its standing army of one million men and its small but efficient fleet, would enable the rulers of Russia to fulfil their centuries-old dream of European conquest and dominion.

At the end of her broadcast Lady Violet inferred that, when the storms of wrath have passed, Czechoslovakia will be restored as it was at its creation in 1919. The tragedy of our time is that the incomparable merits of a vast common customs and currency area for all Europe have not even now been acknowledged as the only solution that will bring both peace and prosperity to its long-suffering peoples.—Yours, etc.,

Brighton

PAUL DE HEVEY

Robert Hooke and Fossils

Sir,—I read with great interest the reprint of Professor Andrade's talk on Robert Hooke and the diversity of his achievements. On one point, however, Professor Andrade is too generous. He says: 'In geology, he was, I believe, the first to recognise that fossils offered a definite record of the past life of the globe, and were not freaks of nature'. The honour of this conception was at one time attributed to Bernard Palissy (1510-1590) who maintained 'that the fishes found petrified in various quarries were begotten in those places while the rocks were nothing but water and mud, which were afterwards turned into rock with the said fishes'.

Long before this Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) devoted much attention to the fossil shells found on the tops of mountains in the Monteferrat region of Lombardy, and produced arguments against the popular belief that they were carried there by the Flood (Leicester Manuscript). In Giovanni Boccaccio's (1313-1375) novel *Filocolo*, a character, speaking of shells to be found at a great distance from the sea, naturally assumes this to indicate that the sea once covered the area (see *L. da Vinci*, E. Muntz, Eng. trans. 1898, vol. 2, page 90).

Yours, etc.,

Chilwell

ERIC H. VOICE

Mary Shelley: a Prophetic Novelist

By MURIEL SPARK

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY is perhaps best known as the second wife of the poet Shelley: after that she is remembered maybe as the child of that exceptional couple—William Godwin, the rationalist philosopher, and Mary Wollstonecraft, the passionate, not-so-rational reasoner on behalf of the Rights of Women. It is as well to remember these facts, for they help to explain the most memorable thing about Mary Shelley: she was the author of two remarkable novels, one being the well-known *Frankenstein* and the other, hardly known at all, *The Last Man*. She wrote other books besides editing Shelley's poems with extensive notes, but in these two novels she did something in English fiction which had not been done before; and that was to combine rational and natural (as distinct from supernatural) themes with the imaginative elements of Gothic fiction. She initiated, in these books, that fictional species which H. G. Wells made popular in his early novels, and which he called 'fantasias of possibility'.

'Frankenstein' and 'The Last Man'

Frankenstein, like those early books by Wells, is a novel of scientific speculation, in which the germ of prophecy necessarily resides; and while *The Last Man* is not concerned with science, it perpetuates the central prophetic idea of *Frankenstein*. Wells later came to the conclusion that fiction is not a suitable vehicle for prophecy, but I think he had something more literal in mind than I have when I suggest that *Frankenstein* and *The Last Man* belong to prophetic fiction. What Wells meant was the sort of hit-or-miss gamble of conjecture that enabled him to prophesy television as early as 1898, but which also led him to announce that 'long before the year A.D. 2000, and very probably before 1950, a successful aeroplane will have soared and come home safe and sound'. Mary Shelley also tried her hand at this sort of thing. In *The Last Man*, published in 1826, she describes the Royal Family as adopting the name of Windsor; but her calculations were out when she said that by the end of the twenty-first century a sailing-balloon would be the swiftest means of travel, plying between London and Scotland in only forty-eight hours.

This is not the type of prophecy I mean. Mary Shelley had a certain intuitive far-sightedness by which she anticipated the ultimate conclusions to which the ideas of her epoch were heading—an epoch in which religious beliefs had been shaken by eighteenth-century rationalism, and were now being challenged by science and progress.

Her association by birth with Godwin and by marriage with his disciple Shelley were, of course, conditioning factors to her way of thought. She was educated to think according to the principles of her father's monumental work, *Political Justice*, and to approach all ideas with rigid logic. But she was also gifted with a fertile imagination, well-nurtured by Shelley, and she was embarrassed by a pessimistic temperament. Her thought was pragmatical where Shelley's was abstract. These factors combined, in her work, to produce something far removed from Godwinism. In fact, as I shall try to show, *Frankenstein* and *The Last Man* are unconscious satires of Godwin's brand of humanism.

Frankenstein carries the glorification of man by man to its rational extreme. That had been Godwin's aim in *Political Justice* where his theories evolved from his belief in the perfectibility of man. But his daughter showed that the rational extension of a theory is not necessarily, in practice, the inevitable one; she showed how far the simplicity of a theory fell short of the complexity of man. Her conclusions were arrived at imaginatively, but because she used a rational method to demonstrate them, her critique of rationalism was cogent. There are many improbabilities in *Frankenstein*, but nothing that could not be explained by natural processes; the horror of Gothicism is there, but none of its supernatural devices. In *The Last Man*, this blend of horror and realism is employed too; and there the humanist concept is made to lose all meaning. Both novels are prophetic in an implicit and allegorical sense; by which I mean also that the strictures on Godwinism implied in them are proved to have been sound. But to get at

these implications I should like to look briefly at the stories themselves.

The story of *Frankenstein* occurred to Mary Shelley when, still in her teens, she visited Switzerland with Shelley. They had Byron for a neighbour, and 'many and long', she tells us, 'were the conversations between Byron and Shelley, to which I was a devout but nearly silent listener'. They spoke of some ghost stories they had been reading and also discussed recent scientific theories. These two topics, Mary Shelley says, formed the direct inspiration of *Frankenstein*; in fact, these talks contained all that was needed for the Gothic-rational synthesis she afterwards brought about.

The story tells how Frankenstein, while a young student, discovers the principle of life and dedicates himself to manufacture a human creature. There was plenty of scope in this situation for harrowing-up the reader. The narrative is invested with the murk and mist—it reaches the fever-pitch—of Gothic atmospherics, as Frankenstein records his task of assembling the component parts of the body. All of which, however, is directed towards other ends than just the raising of a shudder, as Gothic fiction had tended to do. The effect here is to show the incongruity between Frankenstein, an educated civilised being, and the desperate lengths he is prepared to go to realise his ambition. While assembling the body, he tells us, '... I dabbled among the unhallowed damps of the grave ... tortured the living animal to lifeless clay ... I collected bones from charnel-houses; and disturbed, with profane fingers, the tremendous secrets of the human frame. ... The dissecting room and the slaughter-house furnished many of my materials ...' Frankenstein, then, creates this being, a man who breathes and moves. Only then are the consequences apparent to him; the scientist feels an abrupt revulsion when he sees what a hideous monster he has brought to life. The theme, from this point, is one of pursuit, in which Frankenstein and his Monster alternately occupy the roles of hunter and hunted; until finally pursuit becomes the obsession of both. The Monster, stalked by Frankenstein across the frozen Arctic, urges and even sustains his creator for the chase, by leaving messages to say where food can be found, or to warn Frankenstein to wrap himself in furs.

Creator and Creature

The notable thing about Frankenstein is that, after the creation of his Monster, his own character changes. No longer detached, no longer following a way of life he has ordered for himself, Frankenstein becomes a weak, vacillating figure. He is, in fact, no longer free but is bound to the Monster, as the Monster is to him, by a relationship which renders Frankenstein at once master and slave. Master, in his role of creator, yet slave in that a portion of his faculties are lost to him and embodied in his creature. Frankenstein says, '... through the whole period during which I was the slave of my creature, I allowed myself to be governed by the impulse of the moment'.

The Monster is, significantly I think, given no name. He is referred to variously as fiend, daemon and monster; though from the time of the book's appearance it has been a common error to call the Monster 'Frankenstein'. This is not really a surprising error, since the relationship of identity and conflict between the Monster and Frankenstein tends to show that the creature is a projection of his creator. The two are complementary yet antithetical figures; for the rational faculty which Frankenstein has lost can be found in the Monster, who is a symbol of the intellect. The Monster is also shown as the perpetrator of evil motivated by revenge for Frankenstein's neglect of him. And I suggest his conflict with Frankenstein represents the forces which, by the beginning of the nineteenth century, had started to pit reason against imagination, instinct, faith. Mary Shelley equated those rational forces with evil.

The real subject of the novel can perhaps best be found in its subtitle. The book was called *Frankenstein, or The Modern Prometheus*. In the humanist image of Prometheus, she saw Frankenstein perpetrating the ultra-humanistic act of creation of life, and she used every device of horror that her imagination could conceive to express the ghastliness of Frankenstein's action and its consequence. Its consequence is the real

subject, and the real subject is the disintegration of the individual personality, as Frankenstein was disintegrated, following the practice of rational humanism in its last and dehumanising degree. Her story culminates in the romantic *motif* of man in search of himself and in conflict with himself.

I do not think Mary Shelley was intellectually aware of these conclusions I have drawn; but it is worth noting that Shelley, who wrote the Preface to the first edition of *Frankenstein*, seems to have felt uneasy about its underlying meaning. Here are Shelley's strangely equivocal words, made to appear, incidentally, as if coming from the author: 'The opinions which naturally spring from the character and situation of the hero are by no means to be conceived as existing always in my own convictions; nor is any inference justly to be drawn from the following pages as prejudicing any philosophical doctrine whatsoever'.

They are strange words, and in a way, meaningless, since Shelley well understood that any consummate creative work has for its basis a system of thought, if only a temporary one. But I don't think this was merely a temporary attitude which Mary Shelley adopted for the duration of her story, for the other novel of hers I have mentioned presents us with conclusions entirely consistent with those of *Frankenstein*.

The Story of a Plague

The Last Man, a long, panoramic work, is the story of a plague that sweeps across the earth, annihilating all but one man. The book unfortunately is almost unobtainable today. It is not neat enough for modern tastes, and as a work of art it hardly meets with the standards set by the best nineteenth-century English novels—the language has a solemnity that often defeats itself, and since the story is not really about people but about mankind, the characters are neither here nor there. The merits of *The Last Man* are in the development of its tremendous theme. Only there does the novel give us something new in nineteenth-century fiction. But it needed a more objective intellect yet a more sympathetic imagination than Mary Shelley's to make a great book of it. All the same, I regret being unable to do justice here to the detail and scruple with which, incident by incident, she shows the encroachment of disaster. And one of the compensating features of the book is the way in which she copes with vastness. Mary Shelley had a grip on social ideas, and though she could never comfortably bring off a domestic scene, she was able to manipulate people in a mass; she could depict a social trend.

The subject of *The Last Man* occupied many creative thinkers of the time; the poets Campbell, Beddoes and Hood wrote poems of that name, and the theme was treated by contemporary painters. It was a general pessimistic reaction to the progressive time-spirit. But Mary Shelley was not so much concerned, as were these poets, with the fate and feelings of the one survivor as she was with the cause of his situation; she deals with the disintegration, first of domestic life, then of civilised society, and lastly of the very concept of mankind. The novel may be taken as an essay on the futility of mankind when faced with universal disaster outside his own agency; it posits those very social and political problems which Godwinism had made perceptible, but in circumstances which made them unanswerable by *Political Justice*.

The scene of *The Last Man* is set in the future, about the year 2073. England has become a republic by the peaceful bloodless means that Godwin advocated; and the first part of the story tells of domestic life under a Protectorate—of the loves, marriages, births and ambitions of an English family. A plague breaks out in eastern Europe, but attracts little attention in Britain until it spreads across Europe and eastward to America—a swift, incurable and fatal disease. Our attention is now focused away from the domestic to the social and political scene. Refugees from the plague crowd into Britain and the fortunes of the family are subordinated to a national emergency. Mary Shelley writes: 'When any whole nation becomes the victim of the destructive powers of exterior agents, then indeed man shrinks into insignificance, he feels his tenure of life insecure, his inheritance on earth cut off'. And she describes the emergency measures adopted by society, as it may seem with some foresight. Private parks, gardens, pleasure-grounds are ploughed up to grow food; it becomes fashionable to walk instead of ride and to behave generally as we now behave in wartime. Meanwhile the republican leaders are still giving out the news that nothing is happening.

But the plague reaches Britain and introduces, as the next phase, the complete breakdown of society. Hedonism takes hold of the decreasing population. Criminal gangs spring up here and there, till they, too, fall victims of the plague. A temporary tyranny is exerted by a fanatical

leader of a quasi-religious sect; the strong exploit the weak; and whatever human virtues are individually displayed everywhere succumb to Mary Shelley's relentless pessimism. At last the few survivors decide, hopelessly, to search Europe for a refuge. Politics are now ludicrous, the great cult of mankind has come to nothing. Mary Shelley reduces and reduces as she shows the straggling emigrants dying off. 'Man', she says, 'existed by twos and threes; man, the individual who might sleep and wake, and perform the animal functions; but man, in himself weak, yet more powerful in congregated numbers than wind or ocean; man, the queller of the elements, the lord of created nature, the peer of demi-gods, existed no longer'. So, she depopulates the earth until only one man remains to say, 'A sense of degradation came over me. Did God create man, merely in the end to become dead earth in the midst of healthful vegetating nature? . . . Were our proud dreams thus to fade? . . . How reconcile this sad change to our past aspirations, to our apparent powers? Sudden, an internal voice, articulate and clear, seemed to say: Thus, from eternity it was decreed. . . . This was the matter of the argument Mary Shelley was instinctively moved to make against the rational-humanist doctrines in which she had been educated. But it was a negative argument—the argument of *vanitas vanitatum* without its religious corollary; she was impotent to arrive at that or any other positive precept.

But in both *Frankenstein* and *The Last Man* she did turn rationalism back upon itself; she demonstrated the flaw in a way of thought which was becoming a way of life. I have called these novels prophetic, because I think that within their fictional premises they show an extraordinary access of foresight: the divided individual whom Frankenstein represents is not unknown to us; and we are aware of the possibility, at least, of universal devastation and the consequence to civilisation, as expressed in *The Last Man*.

Mary Shelley died a hundred years ago, on February 1, 1851. She was never, herself, an integrated being. Her temperament was unsuited to her environment, for as the daughter of two libertarian progressives and the widow of Shelley, she was expected to further their cause. But she lived to declare she had no 'passion for reforming the world'—a phrase associated with Shelley—and to say, 'I have no wish to ally myself to the Radicals—they are full of repulsion to me . . .'. It was an attitude that lost her many friends, nor did she find many new ones, because the doors of convention were closed against her.

Her claim to distinction lies in her macabre inventiveness and her strong rational turn of mind. She was not a great novelist, she was not artist enough to be considered one. But the Gothic-rational synthesis of *Frankenstein* and *The Last Man* establish her historical importance as a novelist; and their powerful speculative themes established her uniqueness.—*Third Programme*

In Memory of Robert Nichols

Truth is not less aloof because 'tis true',
We knew it all along—of course we knew!—
But till life brings it home to me and you,
It floats a brilliant star, a ship of dreams
Out there, with only beauty in its gleams . . .
That Spring has but an hour to live—it seems
An obvious truth, and who was not like me
Grounded in this gray truth from infancy?
And yet, might not conceive it vitally
Till something happened, and that something will;
We prove the height by clambering up the hill;
We find that hunger starves and passions kill.
I think of Spring, cold-pure and venturesome youth,
Snowdrop to bluebell, leaping from the undergrowth,
Brief Spring! what poetry told us not that truth?
And you, inspiring visitant, fragile-strong,
Desirous messenger and source of song,
Were Springlike, and I reckoned not 'how long?'

'The bell is sounding down in Dedham Vale',
And merry Robert in his snow-wrapt grave;
O come again, join star and nightingale—
But truth turns wintry now. Let tempests rave.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

Green Manuring in the Garden

By ROBERT SCARLETT

ALL gardeners have been concerned about the supply of composts, manures or dung to provide fertility for the soil. Many will be disappointed that they have secured so little, but I wish to bring hope to all, derived from many years' work on the fascinating subject of green manuring. You know, of course, that millions of willing helpers—bacteria, that is—exist in your garden soil eagerly awaiting the opportunity to work for you. My purpose is to describe as simply as possible how to enable them to do this.

Green manuring is a very ancient practice and means simply that a crop is specially grown to be ploughed back into the land to improve it. Farmers often do this by growing clover; this as you know is a leguminous crop having nodules on the roots which are full of nitrogen. It is bad practice to leave any land vacant for even a part of the growing season, and so a 'catch crop' may be sown to serve the same purpose. I prefer to utilise the whole season to add the maximum amount of fertility to my garden soil. I grow two suitable crops in succession for this purpose, but sprinkle the first with calcium cyanamide to get it to rot quickly and give the bacteria a full-time job working for me.

I shall take as my standard a rod, pole or perch of land—that is, 30½ square yards—and must assume it is properly drained, with sufficient lime and phosphates added. Dig it over roughly and sow as early in March as possible, two pounds of vetches or tares, tread the seed in and keep the birds off. The tares will grow strongly and by mid-June when the first flowers appear, get the children or your friends to come and dance on them to crush the lot flat on the ground. Make a carpet of them, but cut none.

Water well and in the calm of early morning apply three pounds of calcium cyanamide to begin the process of fermentation, or, as a poor second-best, use the stuff you mix up the compost with. Put a few drops of oil on your hands before handling cyanamide to prevent any

burning effect and sow carefully to avoid harm to other plants or helpers. Soon the mass will begin to smell, but within a week dig over and tread it firm. Some heat will be created and the bacteria will get going right away. Leave for a fortnight to allow annual weeds to germinate, hoe it over to kill these and then sow with one-and-a-half pounds of rye, tread well in and watch the birds again. In eight or ten days you will see a lovely bronze carpet for one morning only and then it will turn green. (If you cannot get rye, use a quarter-of-a-pound of rye-grass as a second-best.)

The rye soon grows, producing roots at a rapid rate, which penetrate the earth in all directions. These roots actually break up the soil into tiny fragments, creating a finer tilth than ever you saw before. The rye crop acts as a bank to store up food material, but by mid-November dig it down to let winter accomplish its part. Dig it over in spring and plant with potatoes, applying potash and a little phosphate, as all the other plant food is present in abundance. Plant a strongish growing type of potato which completes the smothering of any perennial weeds left alive. You will reap the finest crop you ever had and your soil will be so changed for the better as to provide the finest medium for future gardening.

The process is (1) dig in February; (2) sow tares in early March; (3) tread down in mid-June; (4) apply calcium cyanamide; (5) dig over and tread soil; (6) sow rye by mid-July; (7) dig over in November; (8) dig again in spring for potatoes.—*Home Service*

The following herbaceous plants were recommended by Gordon Forsyth in 'Home-Grown' on Sunday, February 18: Michaelmas daisies—The Archbishop, The Bishop, The Dean, The Sexton; Shasta daisies (*Chrysanthemum maximum*)—the double-flowered Esther Read group; Dwarf Cushion and Lilliput chrysanthemums; Chrysanthemums—*rubellum* varieties; *Campanula persicifolia*, Wirral Belle; *Anthemis*—Grallagh Gold; *Papaver orientale*—Salmon Glow.

Self-Government for Nigeria

(continued from page 289)

people do, that the early withdrawal of British authority would hasten the processes of division into small tribal units. Recent events certainly point to just the opposite. Spokesmen of all communities have too much political commonsense to allow emotional conflicts to overshadow their more fundamental mutual interests. This political realism was amply demonstrated in Lagos last September when the deadlock between north and south over the all-important question of the allocation of seats in the central legislature was broken by a happy compromise in which all sides freely made concessions to the others.

Conflicts of this kind will occur from time to time, because the set of inter-regional relations which constitutes the political structure is a balance of opposed local loyalties. Of course, unscrupulous individuals may now and again exploit these divergent local loyalties for their own ends; but as long as there exists a stable and incorruptible central administration these regional differences can be checked and prevented from wrecking the state.

I have confined myself here to the social problems that will determine, to a very large extent, the rate of progress in a self-governing Nigeria. This is not because I underestimate the great material problems and difficulties, in the spheres of the economy, education, health and defence; but because I believe that social relations constitute the king pin of material well-being. To tackle the inter-related problems of poverty, ignorance and disease will require the expenditure of vast sums of public money on research and modern schemes of social welfare and development. Economic development will, no doubt, stimulate political advance. Technical efficiency will increase productive capacity, and this in its turn will promote the accumulation of capital for providing social services; but material progress by itself cannot maintain the bonds of

national unity if tribal or religious differences are permitted to harden into opposition.

To some extent the fact that political forms in Nigeria are still conceived of in terms of tribal loyalties and ethnic boundaries, is an inevitable result of Indirect Rule, the system of local administration which has prevailed for the last twenty-five years. The change from a small-scale political organisation such as a native administration unit to a large-scale state organisation requires not only a transformation of the administrative apparatus, but a re-adjustment of mental attitudes to comprehend a larger corporate unit which transcends tribal boundaries. As I said, the growing mobility of the people, which greater economic activities brings about, does a lot for increased understanding and tolerance, and for a widening of the political horizon which alone can resolve the conflict of loyalties to tribe and country. It is only by such mutual respect that the spirit of Nigerian co-operation can thrive and bring unity out of cultural diversity; and the rate of advance to full self-government will be determined by this change from a tribal to a national outlook.—*Third Programme*

Life under the Stuarts (Falcon Educational Books, 12s. 6d.) is the second in the series of Falcon Histories, edited by J. E. Morpurgo. The first of the fourteen essays in the present volume is by Maurice Ashley who discusses the constitutional history and political ideas of the seventeenth century and shows how Parliament, which at the death of Queen Elizabeth was playing a subordinate role in the government of the country vis-a-vis the monarchy, had by the end of the century become the senior partner. Other contributors include Professor Norman Sykes on religion, T. L. Jarman on education, J. C. Trewin on the theatre, and Emile Cammaerts on art.

Railway Stations as Architecture

By ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR

IT is commonly said that we spend about a third of our lives in bed. Many of us must pass a further substantial portion on the platform of our local railway station. That station may be pink or grey, cosy or grim: yet how often have we ever really looked at it? Most of us will at some time or other have been humiliated by small boys who can instantly distinguish, with seemingly prodigious talent, between two locomotives which to our eyes appear identical; and it may come as a surprise to some to learn that with a little study a photograph of a station, and of a country station in particular, will often suffice to indicate its whereabouts. If the building uses local materials and incorporates traditional features, as in the example reproduced below, it will be easy to say roughly where it is: with its flint walls and gables of Netherlandish derivation, this station conveys the architectural flavour of Norfolk no less strongly than do many of the village churches of that county. (What a pity, incidentally, that this modest but charming design should be deprived of its full effect by inappropriate chimney-pots and especially by the impinging fence and tree). In some cases, however, the task of identification depends not only on local characteristics but on familiarity with an individual style, for in the early days of railways each company normally had its own architect. Since as a people we love flowers more than architecture, we are more likely to have taken note of our porter's roses (which so often seem to flourish in inverse proportion to the daily number of trains) than of the building itself. The latter, however, may be well worth our

Coast and Francis Thompson of the North Midland, whose little station at Wingfield in Derbyshire is also here illustrated. This, being a classical design, has naturally no local reference: but that in no way detracts from its appeal. Some of the stations designed by Mr. Charles Holden and others for London Transport in the course of the last twenty years have also been most successful: but, in contrast to certain continental countries, notably Italy, unfortunately no architect of the present generation has yet had the chance of redesigning and rebuilding a really big English station.

Welcome as this book is, it cannot be said to do more than whet the appetite for a much fuller and more detailed study.



Wingfield, Derbyshire, 1840; architect, Francis Thompson



Swaffham, Norfolk, 1847: architect unknown

attention: indeed, even the most unpromising looking station is almost sure to have some feature, a turret or a portico, a gable or a platform roof with a hanging valance ending in a wooden 'fringe', which is handsome or surprising or just endearingly ridiculous.

Mr. Christian Barman has collected 123 illustrations of English stations, and introduced them with an interesting but all too brief essay.* The best, artistically, mostly belong either to those early days of railways, before boards of directors decided that for their purposes architects were redundant, or to the last two or three decades, in which the architect has made a welcome reappearance. Mr. Barman refers to various early railway architects whose names will be new to most people. Among them are David Mocatta of the London, Brighton and South

in Great Britain, the Forth Bridge, designed by Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker. At the time of their construction, it is true, neither of these thrilling bridges would have been regarded as works of art at all, but then nor would some of the station architecture which Mr. Barman so justly praises—the great cast-iron roofs of St. Pancras and Manchester Central, for example, in which, as he observes, 'the architecture of the English railway station reaches its highest moment of functional adventure'. Since it means an enlargement of the field of aesthetic experience, we may be grateful that, to the modern eye, the examples in the first section of this book's photographs, in which the emphasis is on function, comfortably hold their own with the more 'respectable' aspects of station architecture that follow.

* *An Introduction to Railway Architecture*. By Christian Barman. Art and Technics, 15s.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Wells of Power: the Oilfields of South-western Asia. By Sir Olaf Caroe. Macmillan. 15s.

THE DISCOVERY during the last few decades of vast reserves of oil in the countries bordering on the Persian Gulf will one day be recognised as a turning-point in the history of the Middle East. It means that South-western Asia—a term to which the author of *Wells of Power* has given a new significance—has become one of the world's great power-centres, and this fact will increasingly force itself on the attention of statesmen and planners of global strategy. In this vital area are found the inheritors of the ancient civilisations of Persia and Iraq as well as the patriarchal societies of Sa'udi Arabia and the shajkhdoms of the Gulf. With differences in outlook and in social structure, and in their attitudes towards the West, they have this in common, that they are weak in political organisation and lacking both in the raw materials and the human skill needed for the development of industries. They cannot escape the role of pawns in the world struggle between communism and the western powers. Their oil industries have been built up by companies in which British and American interests are predominant. Britain has a long tradition as the keeper of the peace in the Indian seas, and the United States, a newcomer in the field, have assumed in Sa'udi Arabia the part of paymaster, political adviser, and guide in matters of social welfare.

The main theme of Sir Olaf Caroe's book is to show that it is important for the western powers to secure their position in any future emergency, and that special measures must be evolved to maintain it against all threats. The centre of power having shifted from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, there must be a re-orientation of defence policy and of political relations with the Middle-eastern states. For 'the wheel's hub is nearer Basrah than it is to Cairo or Istanbul', and 'a defence too closely concentrated on Egypt and the Eastern Mediterranean may leave open the very points that call most urgently for protection'. This does not mean that the Mediterranean has lost all importance, since the pipe-lines from Arabia and Iraq have their terminals in Syria and in Palestine. At present the Arab boycott of Israel has stopped the flow of oil to Haifa, and in the interest of the western powers there is urgent need for a settlement of the conflict between Israel and the Arab states.

The closely-knit argument, in which Sir Olaf Caroe examines the part which each of the Muslim states can play in the common cause, does not easily lend itself to compression. He shows that none of the existing groupings (Saadabad Pact, Arab League, Islamic Economic Conference) is capable of guaranteeing security against communist aggression, and he advocates a policy which will command 'at the least, the resources of all the Commonwealth, and at best, the support of the organised Atlantic powers'. The Atlantic Treaty, he suggests, is a model for the regional grouping which he has in mind, yet a treaty for Persian Gulf defence would have to be drawn up in somewhat different terms. 'What is here required', he writes, 'is an original pact between local regional powers, whose identity would be for negotiation—for example Pakistan, Turkey, or Egypt might adhere as regional or external members—underwritten by the external Powers with interests in the region'. The interpretation of such a grouping under the aegis of the western powers as 'masked imperialism' is dismissed in advance, since there are at least eight outside powers who might be partners to

this treaty, and these would include at least one great Asiatic member of the Commonwealth.

The question here obtrudes itself whether the author attaches sufficient weight to the trends of public opinion in the Arab states which stand in the way of their adherence to such a pact. Their mood is dominated by deep-rooted suspicion of 'imperialism', by a form of nationalism closely akin to xenophobia, by a jealous regard for local sovereignties, and by a firm determination to ignore the *status quo* in Palestine. There are few signs at present that a realistic appreciation of the communist danger will bring about a changed outlook in international affairs.

Sir Olaf Caroe writes with intimate knowledge of the region, acquired during distinguished service in the Political Department of the Government of India, and his gift of lucid exposition supports the political wisdom of his case. An important chapter on the 'human element' discusses the impact of western industrialism and of the wealth it brings on the way of life of tradition-bound societies. In sophisticated Persia and Iraq the strains and stresses are already obvious, and in Arabia 'we may expect to see some repetition of the story of the Tudeh party farther north'. Sir Olaf Caroe looks forward to the spread of the idea of the welfare state and he suggests that an international Civil Service of specialists would find in these lands scope and inspiration for high endeavour.

Literature and Psychology

By F. L. Lucas. Cassell. 15s.

'These lectures are not learned; they are not expert; but I hope some may find them not unhelpful, not only about literature, but (far more important) about life. For I could wish that, when I was young, I had been told some of these things, instead of having to learn by sharp experience. But then I own that current ideas of what really matters in education leave me speechless'. This quotation, from his Preface, illustrates the tendency, and the tone, of Mr. Lucas' book. Based on lectures given in Cambridge since the war, and addressed to the young, it stresses the virtues of health and efficiency. A healthy mind in a healthy body has always been a respectable ideal for an academy of learning (Mr. Lucas is University Reader in English); and indeed some ideal that is practical is needed to offset the creative sterility of such institutions. From the therapeutic ground of that pregnant aphorism it becomes easy to attack all those extra-mural manifestations of genius for which our universities have in no degree been responsible.

There is hardly a name in modern literature that is not handed to the reader on antiseptic forceps, and the diagnosis reveals a morbid streak running through the whole body of our literature since Dryden. Blake had 'a streak of craziness', Godwin was 'awful', Shelley's poetry is 'weakened by a certain lack of sanity', Poe is 'a typical figure of romantic decadence', 'morbid', 'perverse', 'necrophilic'; likewise Baudelaire, Pater and George Moore. And so to the modern scene: 'When we recall the cynical sneerings of the 'twenties, the sadistic nostalgia for savagery of D. H. Lawrence, the egomania of Joyce, the hankerings of the "intellectuals" after medieval obscurantism, or the "tragic beauty" of bull-fights, the anarchism of Surrealists, the calculated squalor of Céline, even the exquisitely intelligent decadence of Proust—is it so hard to read here the omens of what was to come? (the rise of Hitler and the baseness of English "appeasement" and the fall of France)'.

For most of us such clinical judgments might seem to be aesthetically irrelevant, but not for Mr. Lucas. Shelley, for example, has become unreadable—'tedious, hysterical, or worse . . . I have just re-read most of him—and vowed that I never will again. The gulf of temperament is too great. And there are enough irritations in life without looking for them'. Presumably Mr. Lucas attempts to communicate his temperamental disdain to the undergraduates he teaches; one can only hope that they have previously discovered a temperament of their own.

The lack of any real critical basis for Mr. Lucas' distastes in literature is illustrated in his treatment of Surrealism, to which he devotes the best part of two chapters. He takes Salvador Dali as the representative surrealist—a renegade who never had any profound understanding of the movement—and completely ignores Breton and Éluard, its true representatives and both poets of real achievement. 'I think Surrealism unhealthy; and I feel one should say so'. But if Mr. Lucas wishes us to treat his thought with any respect, he must stop indulging in mere vituperation and give serious critical examination to the material he is condemning. 'The literature of the twentieth century has contained much Romanticism, much Realism; both, very often, of the most debased type. If I were asked what qualities I missed most in the work of the last fifty years I should reply, I think—"Wisdom, and dignity". Some of you might do worse than try to contribute a little towards their return'. This insufferable remark was presumably addressed to Mr. Lucas' youthful audience, who must have found their preceptor himself lacking in at least one of these attributes.

Finally, it should be noted that although the title of this book would indicate some systematic attempt to relate literature to psychology, what little psychology there is consists almost entirely of anecdotal case-histories extracted from the works of Wilhelm Stekel. Freud is treated with respect, but Jung is dismissed as 'mystical', a misunderstanding that could only be based on a complete ignorance of the man and his work. Psychology, particularly the psychological analysis of works of art, requires scientific method: of that there is in this book not the slightest trace.

Lag's Lexicon

Compiled by Paul Tempest.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

To present this book in the form of a dictionary was a mistake. Mr. Tempest writes well; the very interesting things he has to say he should have said in a straightforward account of prison life. Any special prison words could have been explained as they came up. As it is, by using a fussy and over-fulsome system of cross-referencing almost everything gets said at least twice and sometimes three or four times. Also many words are listed that are not special to prisons. For instance we are told that 'ritzy' means classy, a 'tart' a girl. Further on we are told that a 'ritzy tart' is a classy girl. Later—under Y—we learn that a 'young tart' is a young girl. This is simply fidgety. The book is further diluted by banalities such as: 'abortionists: this class of prisoner ranges from the illiterate, simpleton type of person to the hundred guineas a time Harley Street man. Abortionists are to be found in both ordinary and convict prisons and in women's prisons'—which is enough to make anybody say 'So what?'.

These vexations apart, Mr. Tempest gives the reader in the end a clear view of a sad, strange

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ELIZABETH COXHEAD

'Intelligent and interesting. Most people should thoroughly enjoy *One Green Bottle*, an unusual story about a Liverpool slum girl. . . This book has something of the refreshing native quality of a good British film.'—*Observer*. 10/6

world. The book is not so much a dictionary as an encyclopaedia which, indeed, is the second name the author gives it in the sub-title. It is in effect a guide to the sorry complexities and etiquette of prison life. It is, further, a sort of prison Baedeker—English prisons are located geographically, their interiors and exteriors are described, the lives of their inhabitants mapped precisely and the local *patois* explained. Visitors, as it were, will note that a 'screw' or a 'twirl' is a prison officer. 'Snout' is tobacco (to this the inhabitants are very partial, but it is scarce and distribution is mishandled). To be 'weighed off at the Follies' is to be tried at the assizes, where a judge imposing stiff sentences is described as 'dishing out the gravy'. A 'gannet' is a glutton; a 'wallflower' is one who talks of nothing else but escaping over the wall, or how nice it will be when he gets outside.

Mr. Tempest writes with admirable coolness and detachment. Any indignation called for he leaves to be kindled in the reader by the facts themselves. There are encouraging facts about steady but slow reform. There are ugly facts about vice, corruption, waste, pervading dreariness, squalid sanitation and long hours of loneliness. Under 'Pastimes', Mr. Tempest shows what you might do in your cell, where the light is not too good for reading, or when reading palls. You could model little figures with wax got from the workshop. You could try to play some wall-tapping game with the man next door, or you could make toys of the few objects you are 'banged in' (shut up) with.

Under E, we get a long, grimly detailed account of the process of execution—or 'topping', as hanging is called. This is one of the many pull-up points in the book. At these you are liable to pause, glance distractedly through the window and think and not like what you think, or not know what to think.

A Study of Six Plays by Ibsen

By Brian W. Downs.

Cambridge. 15s.

The merit of this book, which is a complementary volume to the same author's *Ibsen: the Intellectual Background*, published four years ago, lies in its studied sobriety, the proper impact of which will only be felt by those who read every word. Professor Downs is certainly not going to be rushed into any of the excitements of the newer criticism; indeed it must be a long time since a work so implicitly disdainful of novel methods appeared. The title may initially suggest that the author will pursue descriptive interpretation of meaning and style in their interfusion. It is not so. For Professor Downs, tardy positivist, interpretation and criticism mean the close, cool, and rational discussion of evidence relevant to the genesis of the plays and the credibility or consistency of dramatic characters tested against 'reality'. This book is substantially a long series of discussions of special problems, such as the importance of Laura Kieler and Emilia Bardach as models for Nora Helmer and Hilda Wangel, or whether the troll scenes of 'Peer Gynt' are 'subjective phenomena', or what kind of guilt Ibsen's persons incur and whether it is 'tragic guilt'. Fully documented as it is, it provides a mass of valuable prolegomena for criticism. Perhaps it shares the subtle malice of all impregnable learning which clips the wings of the 'creative' critic.

Of twenty-six plays, Professor Downs has selected six to talk about, each of which gives him the opportunity for general remarks on Ibsen's mind and art. Comedy and satire ('Love's Comedy'), the idea of man's duty and destiny ('Brand' and 'Peer Gynt'), social problems ('A Doll's House'), the use of symbols ('The Wild Duck'), and the autobiographical

strain ('The Master Builder'), are the topics the author thus draws attention to.

His prefatory warning to readers that he would not have chosen these six plays if he had not believed them to be 'works of art of the greatest power and importance' is a hint very necessary where the text puts stirring or enthusiastic appraisal so firmly aside. Ibsen's literary distinction is on the whole assumed, so as to clear the way for the application of formidable plain sense to details. But the book does generate if not a view of the dramatist at least some possibilities of an approach. The clue may be extracted from Professor Downs' earlier work where he expressed the conviction that Ibsen was a typical and great representative of the 'age of Poetic Realism which followed on that of the great Romantic Revival'. Realism first and last is the burden of his judgment on Ibsen, to whose aversion for symbolic exegesis of his plays he frequently refers.

Hence he is at his best when clearing up moral points, for example, about will, sense of mission, and individual rights, in connection with 'Brand'; or about Ibsen's attitude to the extravagances of the romantic outlook. He is rightly very cautious on the symbolism of 'The Wild Duck', which, however, is particularly confused. He makes more allowance for indefinable poetic effects in 'Brand' and 'Peer Gynt', though he insists that Ibsen usually leaves the door open to simple psychological explanations of the fantastic. But in viewing his symbols for the most part as detachable graces, the interpretation of the plays 'on the plane of actuality' being 'primary and sufficient' (page 167), he fails to take due account of Ibsen's variety of style and of the generalising power plays have when they are compulsive expressions of a response to life. Nevertheless Ibsen's enormous dramatic strength derives much from psychological depth, and it is salutary to have the realist point of view promulgated with devotion and with such security in the handling of the basic material.

Eighteenth-Century Literature

By Roger P. McCutcheon.

Oxford 'Home University Library'. 5s.

This is the latest addition to the English Literature section of the famous Home University Library, which includes many volumes of great merit and long-established reputation, and which has recently been enriched by the contributions of Mr. Coghill (*Chaucer*) and Miss C. V. Wedgwood (*Seventeenth-Century Literature*).

'To read about books is less rewarding than to read the books themselves', as Professor McCutcheon truly remarks. Yet guide-books have their uses, and for any who may be starting out to explore the eighteenth-century country for the first time the present volume will prove a very serviceable Baedeker. Nearly all the objects of interest are pointed out, with brief and judicious explanatory comment, and stars affixed to those of special note. We have the whole picture: Defoe; the Periodical Essayists; Pope, Prior and Gay; the major Novelists; Johnson, Boswell and Goldsmith; the Drama; Gray; the Traditions of Spenser and Milton; the Cults of the Primitive and Medieval; the Letter Writers; Gibbon and Burke; the Sonnet; Satire; Crabbe, Cowper and Burns—the only conspicuous gap being Blake, who is nowhere mentioned. Professor McCutcheon can hardly be blamed for this omission, however; his task was formidable enough already, and he has achieved a masterpiece of compression.

The book must be judged by what it sets out to do, and by that standard it succeeds. Its intention is to give information and guidance,

not to provoke discussion or provide critical stimulus. The running commentary—necessarily very succinct—is soundly conventional; it is based upon the knowledge and critical standards of the present time. The author could have written a more 'interesting' book if he had been free to develop some few themes only, omitting the rest; this, one feels sure, he would have found a more grateful task. But what he had to undertake was a guide-book, and he has produced an admirable one. Considered in that light it has, perhaps, one minor defect: the list of 'suggestions for further reading' might with advantage have been much fuller, more detailed and more enterprising. But here again Professor McCutcheon may have been limited by his allotted space:

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

We can guess how much he had to 'resist' in writing this book, and give him due praise both for that restraint and for the result.

The Life of Ailred of Rievaulx

By Walter Daniel

Edited by F. M. Powicke.

Nelson's Medieval Classics. 15s.

In the middle years of the twelfth century, Cistercian monasticism provided for the youth of Yorkshire both a fashion and an inspiration. Walter Daniel, son of a Cleveland knight, following the example of many social equals and contemporaries, entered the Abbey of Rievaulx in 1150. Walter became a theologian and a prolific writer, but his many works, known to Leland and Bale, have nearly all disappeared. One exception is his *Life of Ailred*, second Abbot of Rievaulx, which has survived in its complete form in a manuscript at Jesus College, Cambridge. The *Vita Ailredi* is now edited in full for the first time by Sir Maurice Powicke, with an English translation.

Walter Daniel was for seventeen years the beloved confidant of Ailred, and the life he was so well qualified to write is indeed a fascinating study. For Ailred sprang from the old Anglo-Saxon society of the north, disturbed but not destroyed by the Norman Conquest, yet was in the van of the Cistercian movement in days when it was fresh from its continental source. His family was at home on either side of the Border. His father had been the last of the native English line of hereditary married priests of the church of Hexham. Ailred himself was brought up at the court of King David of Scotland, and while still only twenty-one became High Steward of the royal household. It was on his way back from a diplomatic mission at York in 1134 that he entered Rievaulx, and exchanged the ministerial life for the monastic. He led the colony of monks sent out from Rievaulx to found a new abbey at Revesby in Lincolnshire. Abbot of Rievaulx from 1147 to 1164, he was one of the most considerable persons north of Trent, an arbitrator in major ecclesiastical disputes, adviser to King Henry II, correspondent of Thomas Becket and St. Bernard, and friend of the great Gilbert Foliot. He wrote a fine analysis of the religious life, and also histories informed by a quiet detachment unusual with medieval authors. Small wonder that Rievaulx in his time became the real centre of Cistercian influence in England.

The Latin of the *Vita Ailredi* has a remarkable flexibility, and often a true felicity of phrase, as in the romantic description of the wooded valley where Rievaulx stood. But Walter Daniel wrote, as his editor notes, with provoking vagueness. Concerned in the main with Ailred's inner life, his prophetic visions, his miracles, his asceticism, he failed to record the many-sidedness of the abbot's activities. Walter has



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left few glimpses of Ailred on his journeys, to Cîteaux or to the Scottish abbeys, of the work of charity, of the economy of the monastic estates. His biography is less valuable as a history than as a study of Cistercian psychology. 'We see the kind of man who sought Rievaulx whether as a refuge or as a home of entrancing adventures of the spirit, how one would find composure and another be driven mad, how Ailred, as he dealt with a second and third

generation of monks, sought to unite them in the invisible bonds of charity and affection'.

Sir Maurice Powicke has filled the gaps and answered the questions left open by Walter Daniel. His long introduction tells, in prose of unfaltering grace and clarity, all that it is important to know about Ailred and his biographer; and—what is quite original—he conjures up the political and ecclesiastical situation, the whole of polite society in Old

Northumbria in the twelfth century. This is a little masterpiece of editing, with its short chronology of Ailred's life and works, its notes on the writings of both men, and its efficient index. (One misprint has been noticed: 'was' for 'has', page 45 *recto*, line 12.) The book itself is beautiful to read and handle, coming well up to the standards in typography and binding set by the previous volumes in Nelson's Medieval Classics.

New Novels

A Question of Upbringing. By Anthony Powell. Heinemann. 9s. 6d.

That Which Was Lost and The Dark Angels. By François Mauriac. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.

Spaces of the Dark. By Nicholas Mosley. Hart-Davis. 9s. 6d.

Finistère. By Fritz Peters. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

MORE and more it seems, with every year that passes, the English novel becomes a model of discretion. Carefully aware of what is and is not expected of it, taking no risks, observing eccentricities without indulging them, infallibly sure of what degree of undertone to employ, it offers no form of attack, and disdains any form of departure. In the company of novels of any other nationality it is eminently the Good Child at the party; not a hair, not a crease, out of place. In view of the disorderly past of English fiction the present good behaviour is all the more remarkable. One may well begin to complain that good behaviour can be the most negative of vices. And then Mr. Powell appears to restore to it all its virtues. As a novelist his *ténue* is as exemplary as it is unobtrusive. No contemporary writing could possibly be more English than his, with its gentle circumlocutions, its carefully deflated climaxes. Does he use the soft pedal too much? That is a question of opinion. There is scarcely a moment in his new novel when it is lifted.

It is soon evident that *A Question of Upbringing* is not simply a thing to be considered and enjoyed in itself. It is a prelude to something larger, to a Dance to the Music of Time in which the characters will move 'hand in hand in intricate measures; stepping slowly, methodically, sometimes a trifle awkwardly, in evolutions that take recognisable shape; or breaking into seemingly meaningless gyrations . . . unable to control the melody, unable perhaps to control the steps of the dance'. Even in this prelude the haphazard motifs are artfully placed, and the whole is neatly ordered into four parts: the narrator's schooldays, transition from school, a brief spell abroad studying French, and the beginnings of life as an undergraduate. The schooldays are flattened a little by the too familiar pattern, but then they are redeemed by the classic portrait of Le Bas, the housemaster.

The narrative gathers momentum and depth when it approaches the miscellaneous oddities of a Pension in Touraine. When it reaches the last section, the writer is in complete and happy command of all the active, purposeful cross-currents, all the fine shades of rebuff and approval, among the guests at a university don's Sunday tea-party. I particularly enjoyed Mr. Powell's cautious, considerate approach to the outsiders among his characters, to the people who have names like Widmerpool and Quiggin. His awareness that such people are both human and outside the pale (what, after all, is the good of a pale if there is no one outside it?) sets up the most delicate ripples of conjecture and surprise, without which the surface of the novel as a whole would be all too smooth. As it is, its quietness is rich in a variety of enjoyment, and it ends by offering more in the way of anticipation.

Mauriac has more than once been described as

the greatest living novelist. He is certainly among the most professionally skilful, comparing, in this respect, with Maugham, though not, to my mind, emerging as the superior. Of the two novels now issued in English, the first is located in Paris, among a 'smart' set of the 'twenties'; a decadent and prematurely finished writer, his young wife from the Gironde, his friend Hervé, and Hervé's wife Irène. As a whole the novel is, for this writer, curiously episodic in form. Hervé is one of those characters in fiction who have evidently impressed their creator more than they do the reader. A born liar, mischief-maker and self-seeker, he is clearly a case of emotional impotence, brought on by his mother. Irène, an unbeliever who reads Nietzsche and dies of a malignant tumour, leaves a curious impression of ambiguity. It is as if M. Mauriac had hesitated to approach such a character at all.

If this writer's view of the depravity of the human heart seems to me rather wearisome, I must add that it is not because of the depravity so much as the limitation of the view. His insistence that his characters should suffer is another threat of monotony. It is almost as if one could see him giving a sly pinch here and there to remind them. He metes out disapproval in a manner reminiscent of Mrs. Henry Wood, though much more discreet. 'Idly he picked up the wine list and was put to shame by the shakiness of his drunkard's hands'. There are sentiments, too, that might be from the same source. 'Even in the lowest of men there remains always a residue of purity, provided there is a mother to draw it out'. As sentiment, irreproachable; as truth, is it not a rather extraordinary statement?

The Dark Angels is much more closely knit and contrived than its companion. Technically it is a highly interesting study in symmetry and suspense. Gabriel Gradère, a moral monster with an angel face, forsakes his childhood dedication to the priesthood, and gives himself up to his desires. They involve living on prostitutes, trafficking in drugs, and terrorising his adopted family. His life reaches a climax when he is mysteriously driven to confess himself to a parish priest, who is the reflection of the self he should have been if he had not forsaken his choice, and is simultaneously overtaken by a figure from his past, a woman who has blackmailed him for years. He murders the woman. Falling fatally sick, he is taken into the priest's protection, and shriven. If the symmetry of the story fails in its profounder intentions, it is because the priest never emerges as a living character. He remains an abstract, an illustration of a principle. Gradère's relations with his family, the terror and suspense involved, are handled with a much more telling conviction.

Spaces of the Dark is an unusual first novel, in quality if not in subject. Its unevenness is due

to its vitality, which is not fully evident at the start. Nor can the theme sound very original in résumé. A young soldier is released from hospital in 1945. He has just returned to England, after experiences which have cut him off from the childhood from which he had scarcely emerged when he entered the war in Italy. It is, he finds, only to one person that he can confide the precise nature of the peculiar ordeal which has cut him off from a conventional and 'normal' acceptance of life. It is this story, an episode of thirty pages, which stands out by its startling, simple immediacy. The situation has a curious, accidental resemblance to that in Hemingway's recent novel where the hero again confesses himself, communicates unspeakable experience, to a dark, lovely, and utterly reliable girl. But in this instance there is no synthetic toughness, pose, or implicit hysteria; there is simply the mesmeric terror, the lightning flash of action, remembered, transfixed and understood after long months of reflection. The rest of the novel, in outline, is adequate to this episode, but it is written at times with a foggy intensity which lurches away from competence. But the writer possesses qualities rarer and more valuable than competence. The rest, one hopes, will follow.

Finistère may well prove to be the homosexual novel of the year, but after this writer's previous book, *The World Next Door*, it is a disappointment. Fritz Peters writes with the same force and fluency as before. But the hard flat light that threw up such startling details of the 'mental ward, here beats in a comparative void. The faults of the novel cannot well be blamed on its theme which is, after all, one of the principal themes of the greatest novel ever written. Fritz Peters takes one of the typical instances to which Proust would have devoted a piercing page and a half. Matthew, the only child of divorced American parents, is put to a school in France, while his mother picks up her life in Paris. Matthew's life is cleft by his parents' cleavage. He is saved from drowning by one of the masters, on whom he concentrates all his love. Their relationship proceeds from idyll to tragedy, as Matthew's eyes are slowly opened to the world and to himself. Lack of understanding on the part of his friends, and of his repellent mother, sends him to suicide. It might all have been convincing and touching if the author had not been so intent on over-persuading, on making out a case. As it is, he employs remarkable skill to warp the issue. Matthew has to be made out a victim; all the other characters are implicitly accused and found guilty of his fate. In himself, Matthew is a powerful emotional and sexual reagent, but the author takes no time to show him as an individual human being. In a psychiatric case-book he would be convincing. . . . In a novel he is not convincing enough.

DAVID PAUL

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

TELEVISION

The Need for Unities

THERE IS NOTHING wrong with the Bernard Braden and Barbara Kelly show, 'An Evening at Home', that Aristotle could not have set right. Its central notion, that of a happily married young couple who are constantly and amiably bickering, is excellent: it appeals especially strongly to those who have not yet acquired the art of keeping their quarrels within bounds, and, indeed, in this sense, it may be said to have considerable educational value.

Miss Kelly's character is not very clearly defined. One can tell that she is a personable, determined, and pleasant young woman, but one is not given much material for going further than that. Considerably greater care is spent on building up Mr. Braden's personality. His passion for boys' games and harmless gadgets is abundantly illustrated in each instalment of the series, his agreeably truculent peevishness is frequently emphasised, and all the time he is ready to go into a sulk, modified by a wholesome fear that if he does Miss Kelly will be spurred into some more or less effective counter-action. His meanness is often insisted on, but, as are all his qualities, it is a rather weak and juvenile meanness. It rarely gets further than eagerly, but ineffectively, inviting his guests to drink orange squash and leave the whisky alone. All this is first rate. It establishes a genuine, recognisable human character.

Where the series is defective, the cause is generally inconsistency, either of character or of mood and convention. It appears to be part of the plan of these fortnightly programmes for a couple of neighbours to drop in on the Bradens, one of whom is that admirable comedian, George Benson. Now, Mr. Benson notices and comments on Mr. Braden's taste for childish amusements. While he was doing this in the first episode he pulled a toy out of his overcoat pocket, and began absent-mindedly to play with it. This is sacrificing

character for an immediate laugh, and, though for the moment it may succeed, it destroys the reality of the script.

But the principal mistake in the series is its reckless breaking of mood halfway through every programme. The stories begin realistically, with real people living in a real way in a real suburban home. The sideboard, the table, the easy chairs in front of the fire are as actual as those in one's own house. Then, when we are thoroughly attuned to this temper



George Benson and Bernard Braden in 'An Evening at Home' with Bernard Braden and Barbara Kelly



Scene from 'Counsellor at Law', televised on February 4, with (left to right) Helen Misenor as Lena Simon; Abraham Sofaer as George Simon; and Patricia Jessel as Regina Gordon

Here are two different conventions, and they are irreconcilable. The unity of action is broken.

A less easily improvable production is Eric Fawcett's presentation of Elmer Rice's 'Counsellor at Law', which is by way of becoming a regular television stand-by. Some of the beginning might be cut—the preparation for the arrival of the lawyer George Simon is excessive. But the real difficulty lies in the casting of the central character. Abraham Sofaer gives a fine, alive, virile performance. He strikes twelve not only at once, but all the time the play is on, and without apparent strain, certainly without weakening. He is attacking throughout the evening, with every gun firing, and one would be loath to lose the energy and resilience of his performance.

On the stage these qualities would tell for as much as they do in television, and there Mr. Sofaer would be free of television's cruel close-ups. Bernard Blier is currently giving a very successful performance as a man of charm in Bernstein's 'Victor' in Paris. But he has been rejected for the film version of the play simply on the ground that physically he is not suited to the camera's close-ups when playing a man of supposedly irresistible allure. One has the same feeling about Mr. Sofaer. George Simon is presumably a highly attractive character: he has got for himself a wife of wealth, social position, and beauty: got her, moreover, in competition with someone else. Mr. Sofaer, who has power, intelligence, strength and authority, has not charm in the same measure. Yet one would not like to lose the vigour of his performance.

'Counsellor at Law' comes out better in television, I think, than does Galsworthy's 'The Skin Game'. The intimacy of television exposes a great defect in this play, namely Galsworthy's attempt to whitewash Hillcrist by putting all the cruelty and dishonour upon his wife. Nor was Mr. Arthur Wentner's performance as Hillcrist satisfactory. Mr. Wentner gave to Hillcrist a magnificent appearance, but he broke up his lines in a most puzzling and at times distressing way. The pauses in his performance seemed to



Scene from the televised version of 'The Skin Game', with (left to right) Arthur Young as Hornblower; Philip Dale as Dawker; and Barbara Couper as Amy Hillcrist

of domestic reality, the whole thing is blown off the face of the screen, and its place taken, without explanation, reason, or continuity, by an orchestra playing, last week at any rate, among what appeared to me to be tombstones. This lasts for a few minutes, then the orchestra, equally without reason, vanishes, and we are back again with realism and the semi-detached villa.

be based on no theory of character or timing, and were extremely disconcerting.

HAROLD HOBSON

BROADCAST DRAMA

Wrong Box

HOW MUCH SIMPLER the world would be if everything really was what it is named; if the society for cultural relations with Ruritania, for instance, cared either for relations or culture, or nearer home, if the Drama Department of the B.B.C. really was concerned with drama. I do not mean that harshly. What I mean is this hard-worked gang is obviously dealing with two or even three completely different things. What if the real radio drama of the week—the Life-manship Lectures or the latest (and most glorious) 'Take It From Here' turns out not to be a Drama Department affair at all? Whereas a dramatised novel, an absurd *matinée*, a deadly evening play and a piece specially concocted for audiences who are without sight and perhaps mind as well, all emanate from the same hard-pressed quarter. The pressure explains much, including repeats which apparently annoy the public ('O cripes!' I heard one licence holder observe, 'not that "Antigone" again!'). I wish it did not have to be called Drama Department and that it could shed once and for all its tattered clouds of glory trailed over from the repertory movement of the 'twenties.

Meanwhile part of the Department's energy will be used up on things like 'My Dear Isabella', which I honestly thought wasted my time, not to say the time of much more important people like Gladys Young, while what ought to be a special study and department on its own is putting its hand to things like a radio presentation of 'The Aspern Papers', or some new and interesting German war novel like *The Cross and the Arrow*, which made interesting comparison with the lively if jejune 'Lines of Communication' and the Richard Rumbold study of St. Exupéry. Leaving aside the question of whether Henry James should be tackled at all, we must surely agree that what is being attempted in these adapted novels has nothing whatever to do with drama. Possibly one could turn something of the essential nightmare quality of well meant betrayal in 'The Aspern Papers' into dramatic terms. But what was attempted here was rather a potted reading aloud, preserving the narrator's point of view and illustrating, with occasional sound effects, exchanges of dialogue and so on, much as the author himself had already done. None of the essential problems of drama came up at all. And of course a person with as much sense as Mary Hope Allen would never have tried to jockey on to a real stage this story—whose supreme and horrifying essence is that *nothing happens*. On the other hand, almost all the artistic problems had some affinity with those of the reader, of say, 'A Book at Bedtime' who knows that a shade too much 'acting' in his voice or too obtrusive a *loquiter* may kill, instead of heightening, the imaginative 'lift'.

The same, too, with Peter Watts' adaptation of the Albert Maltz novel which ran a little over two hours and was, I thought, well worth the effort. Personally I doubt my ability to take this as a reading aloud—it needed the variety and the relief of the several viewpoints (of which Paul Scofield's Dr. Zoder was the most exciting). Perhaps if on consecutive evenings they tried out Miss Hope Allen's Henry James, followed by a (shortened) reading of the story by Carleton Hobbs or someone of that calibre, we could get Listener Research to declare which were the more popular ('003 appreciation index'). But I feel I should know in advance

the result of a similar experiment with *The Cross and the Arrow*. Sometimes the voices took on that 'Hun in a war play' edge which seems unavoidable when the B.B.C. presents *Gauleiters*, and some voices came from the no-man's-land of weekly repertory. But on the whole the testimony of the five leading figures in this study of German self-disgust came over with real pungency and, what is more, 'added up'. But it was not in any real sense drama. It was the novel voiced, just as we, reading fiction to ourselves, voice it silently inside the head.

It seems to me the sooner we define the distinction between radio drama, theatre drama, reading aloud and illustrated novels and cease to assume that they are all much the same thing, the better for listeners and the over-worked department concerned.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

THE SPOKEN WORD

Home Preserves

IT WAS SOMETHING of a shock to find that while I had been trespassing in my musical colleague's preserves two weeks ago, he had been trespassing in mine, or was it merely that we had both made a brief excursion into the vague no-man's-land which divides our two estates? Such things occur, I believe, in shooting circles. Last week, therefore, in order to avoid the risk of frontier incidents, I made sure that the *Radio Times* offered no programmes of the music of Kashmir, Mount Athos, China or Billingsgate. Not that these localities were overlooked, but they were dealt with in talks, pure, featureless talks untainted by music or drama. Two of them discussed burning questions. In 'The World Today' Kingsley Martin spoke on 'the problem of Kashmir'. He knows the country, has met many of the leading figures concerned in the case, and has friends on both sides, so that his talk was bound to be interesting. But it was something more than that because he is an excellent talker and he not only stated the case, in all its complications, but gave also those details of scenery and human character which make a talk not only informative and interesting, but enjoyable.

Very good too was C. P. FitzGerald on 'China's Aim: Expansion or Security?'. He has recently returned to Australia from China and in this talk he analysed China's attitude to the present position in Korea, Malaya, Viet-Nam, and other places including Hong Kong, and also her relations with the Soviet Union. Talks of this kind, which cover a wide and complex field, are apt to leave a short-lived impression on the ordinary listener who, if he were called upon to take an examination on the subject a day later, would infallibly fail. But Mr. FitzGerald presents his facts and arguments so clearly and logically that they stick. Even I, whose memory becomes daily more selective, could write a very creditable report on his talk, on which I took no notes.

In the other two talks we pass to more pacific quarters of this troubled world, indeed the peace of Mount Athos seems, regrettably, to be declining into stagnation. The arts for which it was once famous are no longer practised and when R. Butler visited its twenty monasteries recently and asked to be shown one of the libraries, it transpired that the librarian had gone to Athens for a month and taken the key with him, and that nobody in the monastery had noticed its absence. I enjoyed Mr. Butler's talk, but I would have enjoyed it more if he had included some visual impressions of the churches, the art treasures and the wonderful natural scenery and had given us more human details

like that of the old Greek monk, once a seaman, who asked him wistfully if there was still horse-racing at Liverpool.

There was nothing invisible about Colin Wills' brilliant impression of Billingsgate. One saw everything, the market with its bright green paint, the porters in their leather hats, the little mobile office-desks, and learned a surprising amount about the organisation and customs of the place from the little snatches of talk which Mr. Wills reproduced so well. But he destroyed another of my dwindling illusions: in Billingsgate, he told us, billingsgate is no longer spoken, or hardly, for he did overhear a brief but potent flight of the old vernacular uttered in a modestly subdued tone by a man whose ankle was bashed by a barrow-wheel. What has brought about the extinction of this time-honoured language? One of my dictionaries seems to throw some light. It defines the word as 'abuse, violent invective (from the scolding of fishwomen in Billingsgate market)'. Now Mr. Wills made no mention of fishwomen, from which I conclude that they have gone from the market and taken the language with them.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Triumphs of Judith and Neptune

ANY ASSIDUOUS LISTENER must be struck from time to time with admiration for the ingenuity with which Broadcasting House keeps the ball of his interest rolling. There are always newcomers to the symphonies of Brahms or Beethoven, and there is always a place for them in the attention of even the most inveterate listener, providing that he rations himself to, say, one a month. Then it will make its impact with the freshness almost of a new experience, or at least of an old pleasure renewed in all its fullness. This happened for the writer last Saturday, when Sir Adrian Boult gave us one of his finely balanced and thoughtful performances in Brahms' Second Symphony—his thought being directed to bringing out all its musical beauty.

Between these rediscoveries of the accepted masterpieces the listener's appetite is constantly whetted, if not always satisfied, with tempting opportunities of hearing a representative work or series of works by some composer, who is to most of the audience little more than a name. Last week we could hear a whole oratorio by Vivaldi, known generally only through Bach's borrowings and transcriptions, and so of recognising a distinct musical personality. The performance was an enlargement of the abbreviated one given some time ago, and like that was directed by Trevor Harvey, who has been making his mark as the conductor of an enterprising series of concerts in Chelsea.

Then there is the current series of concerts devoted to the exploration of Max Reger's immense output of music, and to balance that—if a *soufflé* can be said to balance a solid dish of not too tender meat with plenty of dumplings and rich gravy—Constant Lambert has presented with persuasive advocacy the greater part of the slender output of Lord Berners.

In an introductory talk, which was a model of character-drawing, Mr. Lambert brought before listeners a picture, which must have been vivid even for those who had not the good fortune to know him, of an artist as versatile as he was ingenious, and a personality as likeable as he was eccentric. Yet I must record that for a man of his exquisite sensibility and good, if unconventional, taste, his practical joke of staging a pretended suicide after wet-blanketing his house-party all day, was one of his less happy inventions. Lambert rightly claimed that Berners was first and foremost a musician; painting and authorship were

subsidiary manifestations of a lively mind. And, despite the fact that so much of his music was cast in the forms of parody and burlesque, he was, as I know from such talk as I had with him, a serious musician and not the mere *blagueur* he chose so often to appear on the surface—a disguise assumed, I fancy, to protect an extreme sensitiveness. Listening to these programmes I thought the parodies the least interesting and even the least successful manifestations of Berners' talent. Those three waltzes, for instance, were barely differentiated, and the

'brilliant' one did not sparkle as much as any to which Chopin applied that adjective, whereas to succeed as parody it should have out-scintillated Liszt while being as empty as Thalberg. No, the real Berners appears in the poetry, which keeps peeping out in unexpected places, and which was to be heard unalloyed in parts of 'The Triumph of Neptune'. If the Spanish Fantasy is to be reckoned among the parodies—and it certainly packs every resource of the Spanish idiom into its bag—it is parody of the finest kind, ending, like the best of Max Beer-

bohm's, in illuminating the object of its loving mockery.

As for Reger, such as I have heard of these programmes has seemed to me dull and fuddled stuff. For all his integrity and his importance as a forerunner of the modern school in Germany, to which Donald Mitchell, his sponsor, paid eloquent tribute, I find myself echoing the words of the expert in vintages confronted with a glass of water: 'There's one thing I can tell you, it won't sell'.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Greatness of Gustav Holst

By EDMUND RUBBRA

There will be broadcasts of Holst's music at 7.0 p.m. on February 26, 6.0 p.m. on February 27, 8.40 p.m. on March 1, 7.05 p.m. on March 2 and 8.35 p.m. on March 5 (all Third), and at 8.0 p.m. on February 28 (Home)

WHEN the nineteenth-century romantic tradition disintegrated, composers were faced with acute problems of style. Some, like Dvořák, found a way out by grafting on to the diffused romantic style the more localised melodic and rhythmic phraseology of folk-music, thus giving it new colour and vigour. Others, like Debussy, while reacting strongly against Wagner, nevertheless used his richened harmonic vocabulary in a new way, isolating his sevenths, ninths and other piled-up discords and using them as self-contained harmonic units requiring no resolution in the classical sense. Once having taken this stylistic path, other influences, such as early organum and Spanish and Russian rhythms, were used to deepen and enrich the predominant sensitivity of harmony. Schönberg furthered the romantic disintegration (by seeming to ignore it!), Stravinsky shattered the classical idea of regular metre, and Bartók, in a way far more radical than that of Dvořák, made the primitive idioms of folk-music the unrelenting basis of his art. Having adopted a viewpoint, the work of all these composers is consistently illustrative of it, and however revolutionary it seems one can always connect it with strong and deep indigenous sources.

How did this breakdown of Teutonic romanticism into strongly localised schools affect the development of music in England? Rather like an intoxicant upon the body of one not used to such a stimulant! The musical body of nineteenth-century English music was an anaemic reflection of continental traditions. Gone was the native consciousness of the Elizabethans concerning music; and when the first stirrings of artistic nationalism were heard here it was again almost taken for granted that we could mysteriously cull the fruits without planting the root. I say 'almost' specifically, for two of the big figures of the cultural renaissance of music in England, Holst and Vaughan Williams, although immensely influenced by all the experimental cross-currents of continental music-making, instinctively understood the demand in art for something deeply rooted in native traditions. This understanding coincided with and may have been a consequence of the revival of interest in English folk-music, a revival that led us back to the pure unmuddied waters of pre-seventeenth-century music in England.

Without such a basis Holst's ever-questing mind would have produced work that, however enthralling technically, reflected the ephemeral qualities in style and idiom that could so easily be separated out and used as though they were basic: e.g., impressionism in Debussy and metrical excitement in Stravinsky. Lesser com-

posers here often so used the superficialities of style, and for that very reason their works are now devoid of life and significance. A composer, however, must not only have roots in a strong and living tradition, but these roots, in drawing sustenance from all the various contemporary 'movements', must, in the finest music, issue in fruit whose flavour is not compounded of detachable elements.

This is, perhaps, the fundamental tragedy of Holst the composer. One is always aware of the integrity of purpose, of simple strength of aim, of wide vision: yet at the same time one is conscious that the elements that make up his style have joined without fusing, have met but not mated. Even in such a visionary masterpiece as 'The Hymn of Jesus' the music moves, for me, on diverse levels, to the ultimate detriment of the over-all form of the work. The same problem arises in 'The Planets': individually the movements are little masterpieces that cover a wide gamut of emotions, but collectively it is difficult to reconcile the naive folkiness of 'Jupiter' with, say, the impressionism of 'Venus' and 'Neptune'. This is the danger that confronts every composer today: there are so many ready-made techniques at hand. *But art does not grow out of a deliberate choice of technique or method: art begins where self-conscious adaptation of other techniques and methods ends.*

There are signs in Holst's later work that full assimilation would in time have taken place, that his imagination was melting down individual influences and making of them a new metal whose 'ring' was pure Holst. But it is precisely these works that are the least popular. I refer to the Choral Fantasia, an extraordinary work of vivid imagination, 'Egdon Heath', the Humbert Wolfe settings, and many of the smaller choral pieces. The 'Rig Veda Hymns' started Holst off on a journey that traversed the earth and even the heavens, but he truly found himself when he returned to the English countryside, when he found in such a poet as Robert Bridges the essential 'feel' of England.

In spite of the popularity of such works as 'The Planets' Holst's achievement is not summed up by them, or by the equally popular ballet music from 'The Perfect Fool'. Superbly wrought and vividly spectacular as they are, they give the feeling that the composer was rather palpably played upon by external musical forces. He made of them, it is true, something that was far more than pastiche, but also something far less than the real Holst hinted at in such wonderful moments as the semi-chorus 'Amen' in 'The Hymn of Jesus' or the mysteriously clashing discords in the same work. But it is part

of Holst's greatness that he should not have settled down into a routine development of characteristics that appealed to popular taste, that he should have continued a search that led him in his later years to a region remote from common experience, that he should have turned his back upon the lures of a sensationalism that with his technique and imagination could easily have resulted in a spate of 'successful' works.

I am convinced that the coldness read into so many of Holst's later works is only apparent because of a change of orientation in the direction of pure sound, divorced from associations either with mental or material concepts. A similar development took place in the work of Debussy, and for that reason his last Sonatas are often labelled 'decadent' because the Debussy of the richly sensuous middle period is absent. In my view, not only are these Sonatas *not* decadent; they are, on the contrary, the fulfilment of a purpose inherent throughout Debussy's work: viz. a movement towards abstraction, the making of a self-sufficient tonal world. (Stravinsky and Sibelius are other examples of composers whose late works show an increasing abstraction. To interpret this as a failing of inspirational powers is the very reverse of the truth.) In Holst's case the re-orientation took the form technically of movement of lines rather than of harmonic colours. A certain remoteness had been achieved earlier in such works as the First Choral Symphony by piling hollow fourth on hollow fourth and discarding the sweetness of the third, but Holst soon found that this manneristic procedure not only impeded movement; but was fatally circumscribed in its possibilities. The change to a more linear mode of thinking was characteristic of Holst's last works, and the experiments he made in polytonal counterpoint, e.g., in his little known canonic settings of some medieval Latin lyrics, in the Terzetto for flute, oboe and viola, and the Double Concerto for two violins and orchestra, were indicative of developments much more exciting than those in 'The Planets'.

The neglect of Holst, then, is not so much a general neglect as a neglect of all the music that in my opinion is not only the most integrated but the most fruitful for study. The later works offer to the young generation of English composers not only examples of consummate contrapuntal skill, but music that should be found finely congenial in its general attitude. For are not we all concerned nowadays more with the inherent musical wisdom of what is drily called counterpoint than with harmonic abstractions? more with the fascinating interplay of inwardly related lines than with the quickly fading experiences of harmonic colour?



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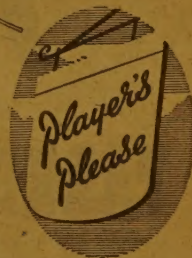
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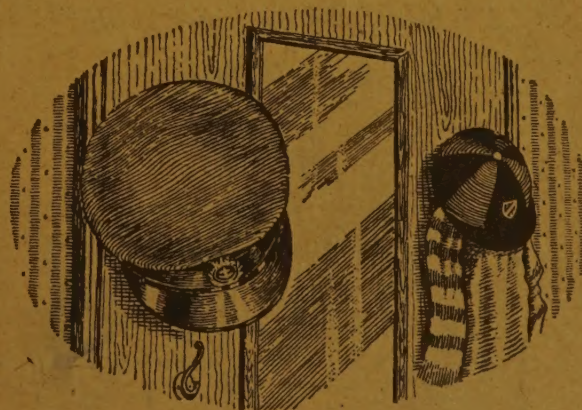
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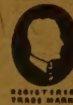


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RUTH DREW

APPLE PIE WITH A DIFFERENCE

We all know that headache of providing variety in puddings. But I think we can do much more than we realise simply by combining familiar ingredients in a different way. Take that good old stand-by, apple tart and custard, for instance. When I think I am about to make it once too often, I turn it into butterscotch pie with apple sauce.

For this, first make a pastry flan case (6 oz. of flour and 3 oz. of fat), and bake it blind for 20 minutes. Then make a good pint of thick custard, unsweetened. For the butterscotch touch, melt 1 level tablespoon of margarine in a strong pan; add 2½ level tablespoons of brown sugar, and stir over the heat until you have a good brown caramel. Don't overcook it, or it will taste bitter. Stir it quickly into the custard until blended, and leave till cold. Then pour

it into the pastry case. Now rub 1 pound of sweetened stewed apples through a sieve to make a puree, and use this as sauce.

When I am making the pastry, I double the quantities, and make two cases, because the butterscotch pie itself can be varied to make another pudding. You can add chopped, stoned dates to the custard before pouring into the case, for instance, or spread the pastry with a good layer of jam. Then, of course, you would not use the apple sauce.

EDNA THORPE

MAKING THE MEAT GO FURTHER

A good idea for making a little meat go a long way is to mix your minced meat with a very thick white sauce—a 'panada'. This is a splendid binding agent, and it gives you a wonderful mixture for small meat balls which can be baked in the oven and served with plenty of vegetables. You can make these with the left-overs of your tiny joint or with corned beef.

Sometimes, too, we have batters, when we can spare an egg. Batter with a little minced beef or corned beef and perhaps grated cheese on it makes a substantial meal. Or open savoury tarts with your very little meat and diced vegetables, with gravy and perhaps sliced potatoes on the top. Or meat pasties fried: fried pastry is delicious. Then you can have rice or spaghetti with a sauce made with fried onion, tomatoes, flour, a little vegetable extract and chopped meat.

I think that cold sliced corned beef is its least attractive form. Some Swedish friends who were over here recently bemoaned the fact that they could not get corned beef in Sweden. They

prepared it in a very delicious way. They cut up raw potatoes into small cubes, fried them in hot dripping till they were golden brown, then shredded all the corned beef with a couple of forks and fried it on top of the frying potatoes. Then they turned it and served it with a savoury sauce or bottled sauce.

BETTY BUCKNELL

Some of Our Contributors

BLAIR FRASER (page 283): Ottawa editor of *Maclean's Magazine*; commentator for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation; has recently returned from a tour of the Far East
C. P. FITZGERALD (page 285): anthropologist; member of the Department of Oriental Studies at the Australian National University, Canberra; has recently visited China; author of *China: A Short Cultural History*, etc.

KINGSLEY MARTIN (page 287): editor of the *New Statesman and Nation* since 1931

OKOI ARIKPO (page 288): an Ibo from south-east Nigeria; Field Research Assistant in Anthropology at University College, London
SIR JAMES SCOTT WATSON, C.B.E., M.C. (page 297): Chief Scientific and Agricultural Adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture and Director-General of the National Agricultural Advisory Service; author of *Agriculture: The Science and Practice of British Farming* (with J. A. More), *The Farming Year*, etc.

A. TUSTIN (page 298): Professor of Electrical Engineering at Birmingham University

REV. F. C. BRYAN (page 302): Superintendent of the Eastern Area of the Baptist Union

Crossword No. 1,086.

Ambages.

By Altair

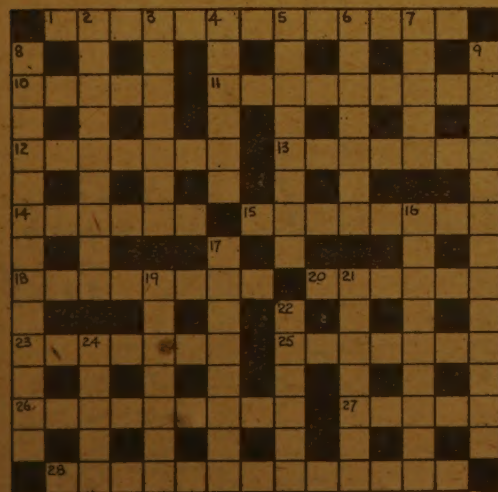
Solution of No. 1,084

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CLUES—ACROSS

- Glad parents and progeny portrayed by Tenniel for amusement (13, two words).
- Day when a hoarding may be dispensed with (5).
- In his case this statesman could deposit his neckwear (9).



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

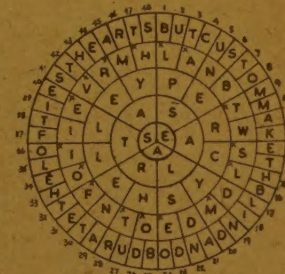
- Hardy ran past (7).
- Proverbially so mended for the man of few words (7).
- Move a letter and leave the ship for foreign parts (6).
- Blow from the beach (8).
- Johnsonian character who surveyed the world and returned to his valley (8).
- Chief of five to be found in disguise delivering harangue (6).
- A Scott story burlesqued by Michael Angelo Titmarsh (7).
- Walton said winter fly-fishing was as useful as one out of date (7).
- Scattered plant in the heart of a rock (9).
- Luiz was the Duke of Plaza-Toro's (5).
- Possible English name for Caligula (13, hyphen).

DOWN

- Writer with battle surname, expert in gentlemen's amours (9, two words).
- Prey not a Slade professor (7).
- Smoker's unconsidered trifle (6).
- Case for welcome portmanteau cable from Buenos Aires to the Food Minister (8, hyphen).
- Instructions in a lectionary (7).
- Behad people and get away with it (5).
- Not the spirit for a hot-house (13, three words).
- Greenkeeper's *bête noire* may bring comfort to chilly players (13).
- I and my ego become fellow travellers with Soviet hero in a machine (9, hyphen).
- Foundation for a survey (8, two words).
- Hardly a pipe of peace for the motorist (7).
- What the sleuth does to the villain (7).
- He was named after Paul's friend and saved by little Eppie (6).
- Peace offering, in song, for a mistress (5).

Prizewinners:

C. W. S. Ellis (St. Briavels); G. O. Gibb (St. Andrews); Miss E. Leyland (Nuneaton); J. Meek (London, N.W.2); J. P. Titchmarsh (Edgware)



NOTES

'But custom maketh blind and obdurate
The loftiest hearts'

Percy Shelley, 'The Revolt of Islam'

WORDS AND SOURCES.—1, plebs (Horace, Epistles I, 1). 2, pulse (Herrick, 'Thanksgiving'). 3, spate (Kipling, 'Overland Mail'). 4, space (Goldsmith, 'Deserted Village'). 5, ensue (Psalms). 6, sense (Keats, 'Nightingale'). 7, beset (Dryden, 'Absalom and Achitophel'). 8, obese (Browning, 'Pied Piper'). 9, matre (Horace, Odes). 10, mater (Shakespeare, 'Troilus'). 11, aware (Browning, 'Home Thoughts from abroad'). 12, wreck (Byron, C.H.P., III, 97). 13, cease (Wordsworth, 'She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways'). 14, cates (Shakespeare, 'Shrew', II, 1). 15, cha(n)nel (Masefield, 'Cargoes'). 16, C(hrist)abel (Coleridge, 'Christabel'). 17, dally (Shakespeare, 'Hamlet', V, 2). 18, daily (Wordsworth, 'Intimations'). 19, manly (Campbell, 'Mariners of England'). 20, madly (Pope, 'Man', IV). 21, salad (Cowper, 'The Hare'). 22, lands (Shakespeare, 'Lear', I, 2). 23, leads (Lear, 'Two Old Bachelors'). 24, aloes (Psalms). 25, abhor (Shakespeare, 'Othello', I, 1). 26, hoard (Kingsley, 'Old Buccaneer'). 27, Arthu (Tennyson, 'Passing of Arthur'). 28, rath(er) (Tennyson, 'Experiments in Quantity'). 29, arena (Byron, 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage', IV, 140). 30, ne(c)tar (Jonson, 'Drink to Me Only'). 31, fears (Spenser, 'Faerie Queene', II, 12). 32, after (Fitzgerald, 'Omar Khayyam'). 33, sloth (Goldsmith, 'Deserted Village'). 34, stole (Barham, 'Jackdaw'). 35, still (Longfellow, 'Paul Revere'). 36, toils (Scott, 'Marmion', VI, 33). 37, lifts (Shelley, 'Alastor', 695). 38, list (to) (Macaulay, 'Armada'). 39, tiles (Milton, 'Paradise Lost', IV). 40, steel (Macaulay, 'Horatius'). 41, saves (Keats, 'Isabella', XXXIV). 42, Vesta (Milton, 'Il Penseroso'). 43, share (Burns, 'Daisy'). 44, erase (Kipling, 'Boh da Thone'). 45, as May (Shakespeare, 'Hamlet', III, 3). 46, Mary's (Barham, 'Hamilton Tighe'). 47, hasty (Gray, 'Elegy'). 48, shays (O. W. Holmes, 'Deacon's Masterpiece').

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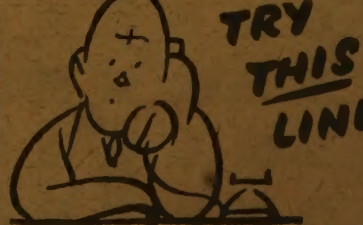
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